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IN THIS ISSUE

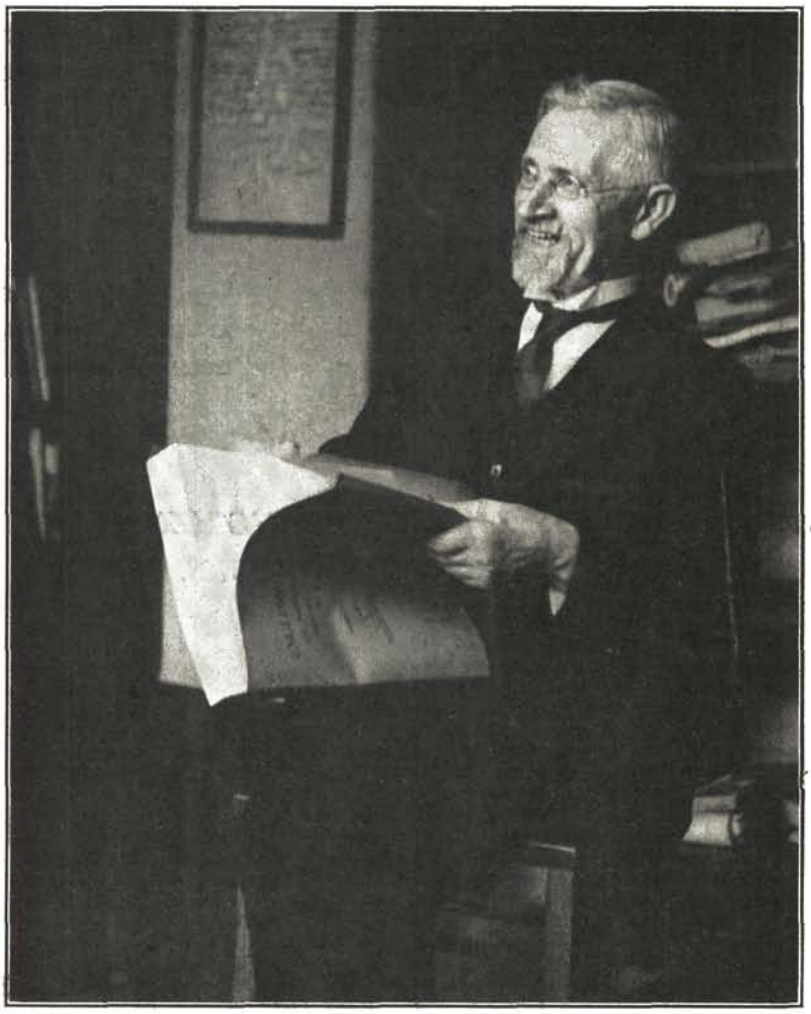
TED ROBINSON
Claims of the Buckeye

J. B. DUDEK
Reviews "A Dictionary of American English" edited by Sir William Craigie

SAMUEL PUTNAM
Reviews "Mea Culpa" by Louis-Ferdinand Céline

MAURY MAVERICK
Reviews "The 101 Ranch" by Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
The Trojan Horse: Prologue—Imagine, Please



Disraeli

SIR WILLIAM CRAIGIE

"This second part (of the Dictionary) begins appropriately with a typical American invention . . . *baggage-smasher*. . . . Baggage-smashers are neither so common nor so vicious as they were in the good old days when the railroads had the travelling public by the throat. . . . So it is well that 'The Dictionary of American English' records for posterity the meaning of baggage-smasher" . . .

(See page 5)

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AND SO—
VICTORIA

"—a full and exciting tale . . . as one episode ends, the author's almost alarming powers of invention promptly supply another. Clearly it seems born for the best-seller list."

—Saturday Review of Lit.

AND SO—
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—Paul Jordan-Smith

AND SO—
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—Seattle Journal

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OF NEW AND FINE BOOKS,
one TITLE:—

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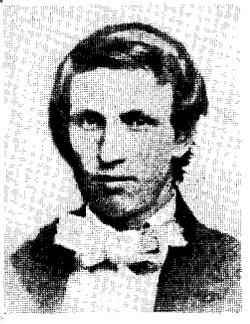
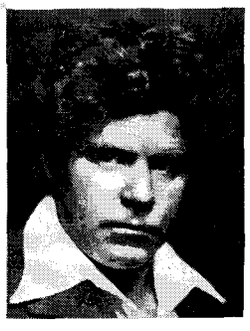
Claims of the Buckeye

BY TED ROBINSON

IN a thoughtful and revealing essay on "The Minnesota Muse" recently printed in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Mr. James Gray argues convincingly for the thesis that the contemporary writers who live in Minnesota are catholic in their tastes, varied in their styles, only accidentally associated in their background, and almost entirely lacking in regionalism. This last fact, indeed, he finds more than a little dismaying. It is well, he thinks, to have the cosmopolitan attitude, but deplorable to ignore the drama of local interest. And although he speaks of a Minnesota tradition, which he traces to Charles Flandrau, this tradition appears to be rather a prideful and emulative attitude than a body of doctrine or a code of practice.



Harry Kemp (top, left), who started tramping on life from his birthplace near Youngstown; Sherwood Anderson (top, right), who was thirty-five before he began to write; Constance Fenimore Woolson (left), a forerunner of regional novelists; Artemus Ward (right), idol of the columnists who are his successors; Jim Tully (below, left), hobo and prize fighter, who conceived an ambition to be an author; Katherine Brush (below, right), whose "Red-Headed Woman" is "unequivocal Ohio."



I am at once disturbed and comforted by this discovery. Disturbed, because Mr. Gray effectively destroys a vague impression of something distinctively regional, indigenous, or slightly Scandinavian, which joined a spontaneous bourgeoning of brilliant talents into one homogeneous group. Comforted—for a brief moment at least—because in view of this discovery I did not seem obliged to feel so melancholy about the state of affairs in Ohio.

The melancholy was of quite recent origin, and was the result of a quite unforeseen embarrassment. After the manner of such experiences, this embarrassment, previously inconceivable, had descended twice in the course of a single day. First, a lady secretary or something called me on the telephone and said: "Will you please give us a list of Cleveland authors—the ones who are nationally known?"

And I answered, surprising myself as well as the secretary, "There are none."

"My God, Mr. Robinson," cried the lady, "this is the Chamber of Commerce talking!"

"All right," I stammered. "I'll have the list compiled and mailed to you at once. But I can't tell you any names over the telephone, because at the moment I can't think of any."

An hour later, the postman delivered to me a letter from the editor of this magazine, asking me to do a piece about Ohio Authors. And it took me ten minutes of concentration to recall more than three.

Eventually, of course, I found that there were many Ohio authors, and even a few who lived in Cleveland. But is there not something more than mildly significant in the fact that I, who have been an Ohio book reviewer for many years, could not remember any of their names offhand? It suggests that Ohio authors do not flock together, or constitute a movement or a "school" or a communal interest. They might as well be scattered over the face of the earth. And, as a matter of fact, they are.

After all, I am not sure what is meant by "an Ohio author." Is it one who was born in Ohio? Is it one who has established a permanent home within the borders of the state? Is it one who happens to be living here now? Or may it be applied to anyone who once lived here and wrote a book? All these qualifications are unsatisfactory and misleading. One has a feeling that in order to come within fair listing, the author must, wherever he was born and wherever he lives, have clinging to his work some flavor of the state, some distinctive quality that could not have been acquired elsewhere. Or there must be an apparent intention in his work to treat objectively of Ohio, to use it as an essential ingredient of his product. Or, finally, whether it is apparent in his writing or not, he must be somehow conditioned by his earlier or later connection with the locality.

With these things in mind, I set down tentatively the names of Sherwood Anderson, Louis Bromfield, William Riley Burnett, Jim Tully, Hugh S. Fullerton, Katherine Brush, Rollo Walter Brown, Harlan Hatcher, Burton E. Stevenson, Walter Havighurst, James Ball Naylor, Langston Hughes, and (for sufficient reasons which may later appear) Harry Kemp.

It will take a deal of figuring to find a Greatest Common Denominator for that list.

Of that thirteen, all but one were, I believe, born in the state. Four of them still live there. Sherwood Anderson's first fame came to him from "Winesburg, Ohio" and some of his other books have the Ohio scene for their setting. Jim Tully was born near St. Mary's, brought up in an Ohio orphan asylum, and had his first bit of writing printed while he was working in a chain factory in Kent. His autobiographical novels (which means most of

Next Week

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY
By CRANE BRINTON

THE SONG OF THE WORLD
By JOHN GIONO
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

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them) must necessarily begin in Ohio. Harry Kemp started tramping on life from his birthplace near Youngstown. Rollo Walter Brown, born and reared in the Ohio River coal mining regions, wrote all of his splendid series of novels, including "The Firemakers" and "The Hillikin," against the background of his own parish.

Burton E. Stevenson, dean of all these, has produced his many volumes of miscellaneous literature and his great popular anthologies of poetry while living in his native Chillicothe. No less faithful to his own place is Hugh S. Fullerton, whose steady output of stories continues to flow from his Westerville home. Langston Hughes spends a large part of his time in Cleveland. Harlan Hatcher has seen no occasion for deserting his academic duties at Columbus. The state has less of a hold on Burnett, who went to California after the success of "Little Caesar," and on Havighurst, whose "Pier 17" opened a larger field for him. Katherine Brush no longer resides in Ohio, but her "Red-Headed Woman" is unequivocal Ohio.

After these are admitted, the claims of the patriotic Buckeye become somewhat shadowy. In a list compiled by a loyal and thorough librarian, I find the names of Rupert Hughes and Zane Grey. It appears that Rupert Hughes received his college education at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. It is of record that Zane Grey originated in Zanesville; he is evidently named for the town's eponymous founder. This same librarian even finds some excuse for annexing such names as James Thurber, Ben Ames Williams, Fannie Hurst, and George Jean Nathan. I am unable to discover the nature of these connections, so I must dismiss them as not established.

We return to the question: have the dozen writers legitimately classed as of Ohio any common ground beyond that classification? Do they represent a movement, or even a tendency? Have they joined in subscribing to any artistic confession of faith? Do they inherit any sort of tradition from notable Ohio writers now passed from among us?

For of course we look back to the giants of old time. The influence of William Dean Howells may still be strong with his compatriots of a later generation. The memory of Alice and Phoebe Cary may still inspire the young bards; Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby may be the idols of the columnists who are their successors; John Hay and Sarah K. Bolton and John J. Platt and Thomas Buchanan Read and Harriet Beecher Stowe are surely not yet utterly forgotten. Certainly no new generation has had time to arise that can ignore Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Brand Whitlock, Charles S. Brooks, and Earl Derr Biggers. Perhaps Langston Hughes pays grateful tribute to the memory of Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles W. Chesnutt. The laurels are still green upon the memorial tablets of Hart Crane and Edmund Vance Cooke, who, though they differed so widely in age, in audience, and in their conception of poetry, are nevertheless a valuable part of our own literary history. And we who knew and loved him well shall not soon recover from the shock of our most recent and perhaps most tragic loss—that which we sustained when "Jake Falstaff," genius, was stricken down in his youth.

So there have been notable talents in the past, and there are notable talents today. But past and present have this negative quality in common: that the factors of no era have constituted what might be called a group, nor have any given number of contemporaries ever been conscious

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

of a community of ideals and interests or a similarity of objectives; that there is not now and has never been a body of individual artists to which the critic might refer as "the Ohio group." I could not know positively without interviewing them all, but I venture the guess that among the thirteen whom I have listed as legitimately designated Ohio authors, there are no two who are even acquainted with each other. And if I am wrong, and there is a mutual acquaintance among several of them, I will hazard a second guess that they became acquainted at some gathering of writers in New York. Just as the urban vacationer at a summer resort strikes up a friendship with a person who turns out to be his next-door neighbor in the city, not otherwise must Buckeye brothers of the pen go abroad in order to be conscious of one another's existence.

Perhaps I have underlined this situation too heavily. But it has impressed me because of my knowledge of a strikingly contrasting situation. I have a vivid memory of a unique affair that took place thirty-five years ago, when I was a cub reporter in Indianapolis. For some worthy cause, whose nature I have forgotten, a benefit entertainment was to be given. There was no time for rehearsals or elaborate preparations; the easiest thing was to gather a group of local writers and have each one give a brief reading from his own works.

And so it was done, almost extemporaneously. And there appeared on the stage of English's Opera House that night, these close friends and (for the most part) near neighbors:

General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Maurice Thompson, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Barr McCutcheon, George Ade, Charles Major, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

A community that can bring together a group like that at a moment's notice can boast with justification of having a Group. Outside of New York City, where literary workers clot together for business purposes, you will not find such an aggregation. Those writers may not all appear of the highest importance today; but when you consider that five of the list had written the best selling novels of the era —"Alice of Old Vincennes," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Graustark," "Lazarre," and "The Gentleman from Indiana"—that one was by all odds the most popular living American poet, and another the most talked-about American humorist; and that the oldest of them all had written one of the most widely read historical romances of all time—you will have to acknowledge that here was a more than remarkable body of neighborly authors.

The Indiana Group appears to have been a peculiar phenomenon, not yet satisfactorily accounted for. In the early nineteen-twenties came a Chicago group, as conspicuous in some of its elements. There have been San Francisco gatherings of writers, too, and occasional congestions in Kansas, Virginia, and Boston. One omits the seasonal settlements in summer and winter resorts; I think it would be far from the purpose to consider a Provincetown or a Taos school of literature. And I conclude that the plight of Ohio is not a plight at all, but the natural and expected state of affairs in any state; and more especially in any state that is thickly and evenly populated and contains many large centers of population and a great number of colleges and universities. The intellectual life, the creative processes, in such territories is spread over a large area, and has no centripetal tendency. The lack of common rendezvous results not from too few foci but from too many.

I may seem to be trying to find excuses for Ohio. But what I am trying to show is that excuses are not necessary for the absence of a phenomenon which is abnormal

(*Continued on page* 13)

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Baggage-Smasher to Blood

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Compiled at the University of Chicago under the editorship of Sir William Craigie and James R. Hulbert. Part II, Baggage-smasher—Blood. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by J. B. DUDEK

NEARLY a year has elapsed since the appearance of Part I of the colossal historical dictionary of American English under way at the University of Chicago. The present reviewer having, in these columns (*The Saturday Review*, Vol. XIV, No. 20; September 12, 1936), sufficiently gasped his admiration of the work as a whole, will now dismiss it in general with the remark that the division just to hand, comprising pages 117-244, continues to evidence the almost superhuman ability not only of the editors but also of the printers and proofreaders. Sir William is, I understand, no longer personally engaged in the actual production, but his collaborators are on the job and doing it well. It is to be hoped that the intervals between issue of succeeding parts will not be so long. At the present rate, it will take a lifetime to publish the work, and since only those in their fifties are likely to appreciate the separate portions, few can reasonably expect to see it complete. The labor and energy required for an undertaking of such magnitude must, however, be considered; so, even if one misses the end, keeping pace with the publication serially will still have been a worthwhile experience.

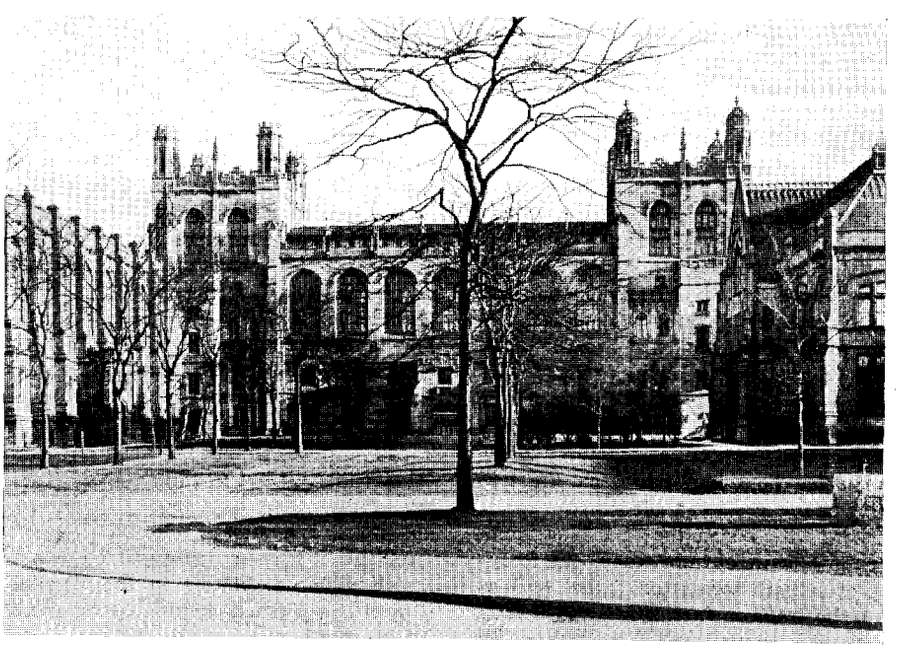
This second part begins, appropriately, with a typical American invention, both as to the term and the thing signified—*baggage-smasher*. Like many another item listed, this compound word provokes reminiscence. The dictionary does not mark it obsolete, but I believe it is at least obsolescent. Baggage-smashers are neither so common nor so vicious as they were in the good old days when the railroads had the travelling public by the throat. Nowadays, to be sure, most people go in their own cars and themselves do what smashing is done. But judgment has overtaken the railroads, and competition from buses and airplanes has undoubtedly forced them to do something about the manhandling of passengers' trunks and other portables. In many private opinion, the chaps in charge of luggage on air transports never acquired the art of baggage-smashing, and I am told that those on long-distance bus lines show equal regard for other people's property. Anyway, even on the railroads there has been enough diminution of violence to warrant the suspicion that the baggage-smasher is extinct or rapidly becoming so. So, it is well that the "Dictionary of American English" records for posterity the meaning of baggage-smasher and that at least in one state (Illinois) baggage-smashing was punishable by law. The penalty is not stated, but boiling in oil would not have been too severe.

The Dictionary unfortunately (though of course it had to stop somewhere) closes its observations with the end of the past century. I pause to lament that the general run of Americans is absolutely indifferent to a study of their own language. They are so absorbed, at the moment, with movie slush and radio blah that picturesque locutions come and go, and sudden developments, for better or worse, take place in their lingo which will probably never be investigated or catalogued. Is any one, for instance, making note of "rumba" and "strip tease" or other terpsichorean atrocities which, a decade hence, will be as unknown as the comparatively civilized *barn-dance*? How soon will the "scanties" and "bras" (*brassières*) now affected by sweet young things take their place in the lexicographical museum with the bustle—that peculiar contrivance for the enhancement of feminine posteriors which for eighty years or so, according to citations in the present work, was popularly known as a *bishop*?

More than a column is devoted to *barbecue*, but, because of the terminus imposed, there is no mention of the *barbecue-stands* which have multiplied on street corners and along roadsides during the past few years. Nor is the spelling "Bar-B-Q" noted, though Neon and other signs so have it, to the extent that public school graduates, if able to read at all, cannot pronounce the word spelled in full. The *blind pig* and *blind tiger* became so common during the Noble Experiment that most people, including myself, accounted them among the blessings flowing from the XVIIIth Amendment. As a matter of fact, state and local laws had taken cognizance of both at least thirty years earlier, threatening suitable punishment for proprietors thereof. But here again the reader is left under the impression that they are still current in the American language. I seriously doubt that there is a real blind pig running in the United States today, and asking the way to a blind tiger would excite almost as much curiosity as a horse and buggy. Other colloquialisms will, of course, live longer, perhaps indefinitely; but competent statisticians should be charting their birth, their blood pressure and temperature, and, if need be, their death. Even, in some cases, their resurrection.

Similarly with that almost virgin field, American slang. The Dictionary takes very slight notice of it, but does embalm a few choice specimens: *e.g.*, beer-slinger (analogous to *hash-slinger*, still current), which passed out for a time but is being revived since Repeal; and *biscuit-shooter*, still going strong. *Big*, as a modifier of *bug, ditch, dust, head* and *money*, is adequately treated, but *big house* in the sense of penitentiary is evidently too recent for the compilers, though a quotation dated 1898 foreshadows this meaning. For *big stiff* the enquirer will have to await the S-section. Whether *big shot* will also be found there or not is problematical. Apparently not. *Blood* is recorded in two slang senses: one certainly long obsolete, though this is not indicated; the other, though still in use, now rather rare.

Among importations from foreign languages included in the current fascicle there is *b'hoy*, from the Irish. The concluding entry is *Blood Indian*, another purely American contribution to the English language. It is a proper term denoting a member of the Kainah tribe.



AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY THE DICTIONARY WAS COMPILED

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Father of Waters

STEAMBOATING ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI. By William J. Petersen. Iowa City: The State Historical Society of Iowa. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

THANKS to Mark Twain, Frances Trollope, Charles Dickens, Harriet Martineau, and a number of less noted writers, the romance of river navigation in this country has largely been that of the Mississippi from St. Louis down to New Orleans and of the Ohio from Cairo up to Pittsburgh. With this book, something like a new world swims into the reader's ken: the Mississippi from St. Louis up to St. Paul. Its historic backgrounds are not quite so rich as those of the two other river stretches, for the country which it serves was opened to settlement generations later, and has nothing to tell at first hand of slavery, little to tell of the Civil War. Yet its story, as related by Mr. Petersen, is colorful, exciting, significant. By recalling things which should not have been forgotten, the Iowa writer has redressed the balances.

His work is more a saga than it is a book. Himself of river ancestry, his method is like that of a steamboat captain who picks up freight and passengers wherever they are to be found, "woods up" whenever a pile of firewood shows itself on shore, takes his time, and comes at last into some port known in advance only to himself, his boiler deck jammed with boxes, kegs, and bales, his cabin thronged with politicians, fashionable folk, fur traders, soldiers, gamblers—all of them persons worth knowing. There are chapters which many readers will skip because their relation to the subject is so indirect, episodes which may suffer the same fate because told in too much detail. But the writer's enthusiasm is appealing, his industry in research has been immense, and the plenitude of detail may well be defended on the ground that he is telling you something which you ought to know but which seemingly nobody does save himself.

Much is said about the sources of revenue which sustained and multiplied steamboats—largely Cincinnati-built—on the Upper Mississippi a generation and more before the Civil War. The old lead industry centering in the well-named Illinois town of Galena was a basic item. Other things that brought profits to the boats were the removal of Indian tribes, transportation of the goods used in payment of Indian annuities, the visits of Indian delegations to Washington, the carrying of soldiers and their supplies to the western posts and to the Civil War fronts, the movements of immigrants, the ferrying of settlers across the Father of Waters, the trade in furs, skins, and buffalo robes, the excursions of Easterners on what the artist George Catlin denominated the Fashionable Tour, and finally the shipping of prairie wheat to the markets of civilization.

Tales of inter-city rivalries, of daring, hard-bitten, profane skippers, and of river races which make the use of patent medicine as fuel in that incredible movie "Steamboat Round the Bend" seem credible enough, animate these pages, so that some of the material has almost an epic quality. The volume, well printed and bound, is Americana of the first rank.

The Iconoclasm of M. Céline

MEA CULPA & THE LIFE AND WORK OF SEMMELWEIS. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by SAMUEL PUTNAM

THAT Louis-Ferdinand Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night," whatever else may be said of it, was an out-of-the-ordinary and even a startling book, few would deny. It set not merely the average reader but critics and intellectuals to guessing. What manner of man was it who had written such a book? What was the life-view behind the "Journey"?

At least the latter question is definitely answered in the little—what shall one call it?—piece of writing of thirty-six pages which gives the title to the present volume, the greater portion of which is taken up with the Semmelweis essay, the physician-author's youthful thesis in medicine.

Since the "Journey" appeared, there has grown up, in addition to the reactionary French academicians who promptly exalted him as their own, a small school of Céline adulators, who would hold the novelist up to our gaze as the great modern Anarchist, the great Iconoclast. It may be as well to see what there is to this.

"Mea Culpa" is M. Céline's purely vituperative reaction following a visit to the Soviet Union. He finds the program of communism "completely materialistic and (!) Satan-inspired. It is all a "question of grub . . . to stuff the belly" (with a fling in passing at "the mug of fat Marx"). The "spirit of man" is ignored. The machine "corrupts, condemns, and kills all who come near it" (page M. Duhamel); it is "infection itself," the "supreme defeat." The author knows, because he once worked in a Ford factory—in Detroit, U. S. A. There is a sneer for "mass production" and "progress" and "three meals a day." In the Soviets, "one must not think"; there is but one tune to which all must dance. They have money there, too, and money is a curse.

All this, it will surely be granted, is not precisely world-shaking in the way of iconoclasm. If such deductions as these are all that is required, then every visiting chamber of commerce member, and his wife, is the Great Iconoclast in person.

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE

But what annoys M. Céline more than anything else is the Russian "new man," who dares to flaunt his "self-sufficiency," his "pretension to happiness." This last is the unforgivable sin. Moerover, it is a lie. "Prolovitch" is really "sick of heaven"; he is a "victim of history," an "angel on the spot." The truth is, man is born as ordure, and as ordure will he die. He has one tyrant, himself—the Mussolinis and the Hitlers are carefully not mentioned. The distinction between boss and worker is "an artificial one, one hundred per cent. It is all a question of luck and inheritance! Abolish them? You will soon find out that they are all the same." Of course, if one "smells a little Jewish," then being on the side of the masses "becomes life insurance."

The Middle Ages, they were the good old days. (Page M. Berdiaeff.) The Middle Ages and the Church Fathers. And original sin and all that sort of thing. (Page M. Mauriac.) But after all, "who gives a damn?" In a few months there will be "the great cleaning-out" in the form of war. (Page Signor Marinetti.) Etc., etc.

Is it any wonder, then, that our Great Iconoclast has been taken up in a big way by the Léon Daudets and other agents of social reaction, as well as by all the academicians and hack reviewers of France today? Like seeks like—and finds it.

We know now where M. Céline stands on the side of content. Joris-Karl Huysmans and Léon Bloy said it all forty or fifty years ago. After reading Huysmans's "A Rebours," Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote that there was nothing left for the author but "the point of a revolver or the foot of the cross." For M. Céline, it looks as if it would more likely be the foot of the swastika.

Samuel Putnam is a critic whose long residence abroad has given him wide familiarity with the writers of the Romance lands.

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An Agricultural Scrap Book

THE 101 RANCH. By Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England. Norman, Oklahoma: Oklahoma University Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURY MAVERICK

CLANGING and banging on my Federal typewriter, bought by the sweat and blood of our downtrodden and soak-rich taxpayers, I sit with badly twisted emotions in 101 House Office Building, reviewing "The 101 Ranch," by Professor Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England (sister of the Miller Brothers). Yellow cover; snappy job; printed, bound, and published right on the University grounds.

Emotions. Oh yes. The biblio-midwife has just delivered me of my first book. Professor Collings, living in Injun country, has written heap many books, and on education—which professors say I did not get. I swear I am not trying to get even with the Tribe of the Professors, but just as it hurt my dear old Prexy to throw me out of the University of Texas, so it pains me in this case to carp a little.

101 Ranch! What should we get from such a story? Pistol smoke should ooze from it, you should hear the war cry of the Indian, the roar and bellow of the stampede. Also, we should hear and see the pomp, the glitter, spangles, and throb of the circus and the wild west show, the calliope and flashing color.

But the book is, more than anything else, stereotyped praise for the Miller Brothers, with paste-ins from every kind of advertisement and not-so-well written articles from country and big town newspapers; they come from the Rock Island Railroad and 101 Ranch "Magazines." A better title for the book would be "A Eulogy of the Miller Brothers, containing also a Scrap Book Leisurely Pasted Together in Idle Hours by a Good Professor at Oklahoma U., with Sundry Irrelevant Items and Listings of Land Holdings, Prices of Cattle, Names of Indians, and Legal Documents With Nary a Whereas Left Out."

Bill Pickett, black hero of every boy of the Southwest, the originator and still, though dead, the greatest bull-dogger that ever lived, is given too little time and space. Numerous other famous characters who simply riot in color are laid flat and colorless, dead and dreary, with a paste-in. The Miller Brothers themselves, in spite of all the well intentioned eulogy, do not come off so well, though all that may have been said in detraction of them is passed over with praise.

It is a book Texans and Oklahomans will want to read. For outlanders too much is taken for granted, and there is too much of detail in facts and figures meaning nothing. As a product of a university press, it is very interesting, and a symbol of the new and important work being done by these presses for various regions of the country. But the publishers should have insisted on a more cohesive job. The quotations and paste-ins are liable to start anywhere, and blurb-off anywhere. Chapter X, "The Old West on the 101," tells of the National Editorial Association visiting the ranch in 1905. Suddenly and without warning, we jump to the 1924 Terrapin Derby. Just as suddenly the derby ends, and we then hear of "the many diversified resources of the 101 Ranch," pasted in from the *Daily Oklahoman.* Then something is said of the young visiting dudes of the East. Professor, Professor! If university presses are to succeed, they must never give a professor, or a friend, a break. This book could have been pointed up, quotations cut about ninety percent, chapters rearranged, and it might have been very good.

The Honorable Maury Maverick, crusading congressman from Texas, has, to use his own expression, recently been delivered of his own first book, his autobiography entitled "A Maverick American."

This and That

SMALL TALK. By Harold Nicolson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $2.

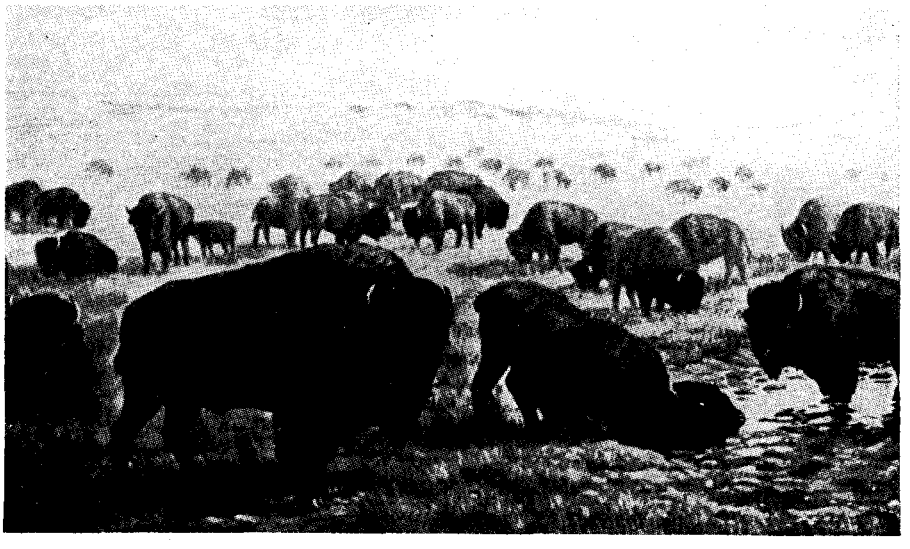
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THIS is a collection of twenty-eight little essays by one of England's leading prose writers. For that diminishing public which is sincerely addicted to essay reading, this should be enough. For the rest of us, presumably increasing, who no longer admire the essay as much as we were told to admire it at school, something more is required than the information contained in my first sentence.

Would it help to say that Mr. Nicolson is also one of England's leading stylists? A little, perhaps. But those of us who are not essay addicts are inclined to judge the essay by what is, at best, a semi-literary standard. We ask ourselves whether or no the essayist enjoyed writing his essays. If he seems to have done so, well and good: the fact that he probably turned them out for profit and with groans, is no concern of ours. In this respect, Mr. Nicolson is nearly but not quite up to standard.

It is when he deals with people rather than ideas that Mr. Nicolson, as an essayist, is at his best. He dislikes, I believe, the word "brilliant" as a literary epithet, and it would do little justice to that characteristic intermingling of the solid and the sensitive which you will find in "The Edwardian Week-end." After you have read this, there are only nine pages of it, you will realize once again why Mr. Nicolson can be called a master of English prose. (Let me add to this "Mr. William Fletcher"—he was Lord Byron's valet, and readers of "Some People" will know what Mr. Nicolson can do with valets—"The Man Who Knew Everybody," "Cure for Overwork," "On Meeting Celebrities," and "Fête de la Victoire": all pieces of almost as high an order.)

But a book of essays should give us something more than an impression that the author has had a good time, even if that is all that we consciously require of it. From "The Edwardian Week-end" much can be learned. Mr. Nicolson "was old enough to touch the fringe of Edwardian luxury." It was not Balliol, nor travel, nor the diplomatic service alone which gave his mind that impeccably liberal turn which distinguishes it today. He was brought up in a world where, if the King came to stay, there was lobster salad for tea. He does not regret the passing of that world, but he knows it cannot be taken from him. To his genius for writing history, to his knowledge of men and places, even perhaps to his political career, it has added a final, a secure authority. If it gives his essays a slight touch of condescension here and there—well, you can't have everything, can you?



FROM A PAINTING OF 101 RANCH BY LINDNEUX

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: VII

WHAT we have said about descriptive passages indicates a principle which is involved in the handling of other kinds of inert material. Mere description is not fused with the fiction and so is always a threat to the attention and belief of the reader, whose margin of toleration is easily exhausted. But the information and the sensory assistance which description is intended to provide may be indispensable to the reader, for whom character in action and dialogue is seldom enough and who must set the fiction as he perceives it in a frame of physical and personal reference familiar to his experience. The skillful novelist governs himself by these limitations and solves the dilemma by keeping his descriptive details well within the reader's tolerance and contriving, whenever possible, to make them not items of information and assistance alone but also part of the primary emotional movement of the novel.

Description sometimes shades into a kind of summary or analysis of character made for the reader's benefit. Something important is about to happen to Francesca—love, suffering, fright, a meeting that will change her life, a succession of events that will be pivotal in her experience—and the reader must know beforehand just what complex of motives, traits, and earlier experience makes it inevitable for her to act as he will presently see her act. Or something has happened and Francesca has acted in response to it, and certain aspects of her consequent state of mind must be made clear to the reader, who may otherwise be puzzled or begin to suspect that she is being portrayed inaccurately. So the novelist temporarily abandons all his other objectives in order to explain Francesca.

Whenever he does so he retards the movement of fiction. The nature of the offence should now be clear: an explanation, no matter how completely it may be phrased in terms of the character, is expository, and in fact the more completely it is so phrased the more it is likely to reveal the author's hands on the puppet strings. The effect resembles the awkwardness in the theater when an actor comes down to the footlights and soliloquizes about his own motives. The modern audience rejects an Iago's explanation of his villainy, and the modern reader tends to be increasingly uncomfortable when the novelist explains it for him.

An almost infinite series of gradations could be shown if we had space. Two must suffice. A passage from "The Brothers Karamazov" will show this "character work" at only a slight remove from pure description. The physical appearance of Dmitri Fyodorovitch has just been described; the passage goes on with a generalized characterization:

> Even when he was excited and talking irritably, his eyes somehow did not follow his mood, but betrayed something else, sometimes quite incongruous with what was passing. "It's hard to tell what he's thinking," those who talked to him sometimes declared. People who saw something pensive and sullen in his eyes were startled by his sudden laugh, which bore witness to mirthful and light-hearted thoughts at the very time when his eyes were so gloomy. . . .

This is not the appearance of Dmitri's eyes in the immediate scene but an item of his habitual appearance set down here as part of the process by which the reader is being prepared to understand and accept his ultimate behavior. Nearly any page of Henry James will show a considerable extension and attenuation of the same sort of thing. The following is from "The Portrait of a Lady":

> Isabel might have believed it and not have been far from the truth. He thought a great deal about her; she was constantly present to his mind. At a time when his thoughts had been a good deal of a burden to him her sudden arrival, which promised nothing and was an open-handed gift of fate, had refreshed and quickened them, given them wings and something to fly for. Poor Ralph had been for so many years steeped in melancholy; his outlook, habitually sombre, lay under the shadow of a deeper cloud. He had grown anxious about his father, whose gout, hitherto confined to his legs, had begun to ascend into regions more vital. The old man had been gravely ill in the spring, and the doctors had whispered to Ralph that another attack would be less easy to deal with. Just now he appeared disburdened of pain, but Ralph could not rid himself of a suspicion that this was a subterfuge of the enemy, who was waiting to take him off his guard. . . .

This is only the beginning of a long passage which is packed with the same kind of information, definition, qualification, and analysis. It is intended to isolate the various components of Ralph's character and present mood, and to reveal all the intricate relationships, subtle modifications, and precise shades and degrees of feeling that will ultimately make him act in a certain way and respond in a certain way to the actions of others. But such analysis (and the simpler kind shown in the quotation from Dostoievsky) lays a heavy burden on the reader. It is inert. It is not the thing itself occurring or the emotion itself at the moment of impact; it is a statement at second hand and a statement, furthermore, made not for its own sake but for its bearing on something else. If continued too long—as it usually is in the last novels of Henry James—it will bog the reader in a motionless morass of supplementary detail from which the thing supplemented, the reality of fiction, is entirely absent.

Nevertheless, such information, qualification, definition, and analysis—or their equivalent—are indispensable to the reader. The dilemma is sharp and unavoidable, and the novelist must grapple with it on nearly every page. Every passage of analysis or "character work" that he writes menaces his effect for it halts the movement of fiction, and he must write it in full realization of the risk he runs. If he continues it too far he will damage the illusion and forfeit some of the reader's acceptance. How far he can safely extend it will depend in part on his own skill: he can partly forestall the reader's apprehension or postpone the moment of irritation by versatility of style, by writing wittily or pleasingly or brilliantly so that the reader's attention will fix on the writing while the job is being done. He can do something more by making his analytical passages short and by rigorously relating them to the scene, so that they seem not to depart from it. But his most dependable resource is to transform them as much as they can be transformed: to make them not only analytically informative but also, simultaneously, part of the primary movement of the scene. Such analysis as that quoted from Henry James cannot be completely transformed, and some use of it without any transformation is frequently unavoidable, but the usual result is a compromise. The novelist avoids using such material when that is possible, and elsewhere he operates on it by main force to disguise the expository factor.

One method of modern fiction avoids analysis altogether by transferring it from the novel to the reader. In Hemingway, for instance, what the characters do and say is so rigorously selected and forms such a revealing system in itself that the reader is compelled to derive the motives behind it from the action itself. Though their emotions are never analyzed

(*Continued on page* 13)

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of Literature

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Letters to the Editor: *Mr. Swanson Enters a Demurrer*

Prelude to Revolution

SIR:—My sincere thanks for the generous attention you gave to "The First Rebel." I am truly grateful.

But will you not please do something to protect me from the hordes of haberdashers trying to sell me dunce caps and from insistent swarms of architects who want to design for me a corner in which to stand while I am wearing the cap? I would deserve both the cap and the corner if I had been guilty of the ambition which your otherwise fair review ascribes to me. But I'm not guilty.

Allan Nevins—to whom my sincere respect—said that I "would revise the history of the Revolution" and "show that it did not begin at Lexington in April, 1775, but at Fort Loudon in May, 1765."

Nowhere in "The First Rebel" is there any statement that the Pennsylvania frontier uprising was the beginning of the Revolution. At no time have I had any notion that it was.

My intention was to present a forgotten sequence of dramatic events which I believed would be as surprising and interesting to others as it was to me. In the Farrar & Rinehart files is a letter of mine which requests that special care be taken, in promoting the book, to make it clear that I do not claim that the Pennsylvania rebellion was the beginning of the Revolution; it also calls attention to statements in the book which were carefully worded so as to be scrupulously accurate and to avert the possibility that I would be suspected of making such a claim.

The rebellion is referred to, not as an uprising against the crown (which, of course, it was not) but as an "uprising against royal troops" (which it certainly was). The skirmish at the Barr house is referred to not as the first fight of the Revolution, but as "the first fight between Americans and British regulars." In the foreword, the Pennsylvania insurrection is spoken of as foreshadowing the Revolution; had I regarded it as a part of the Revolution, I would have said so—and taken the consequences. On page 240, the three-day attack on Fort Loudon is spoken of as "the second reel in its (the Conococheague Valley's) advance showing of the great American drama, Revolution"; but "advance showing" is used in exactly the same sense as that in which John Hyde Preston used "Prelude—For Guns" as his first chapter heading in "Revolution, 1776," in describing incidents in Boston in 1768 and 1770.

Again on pages 215 and 216, there is the text of a letter written by William Smith, magistrate and co-leader of the insurrection, in which he attempts to justify that action of the settlers by referring to an act of parliament. Had I been inclined toward any "twisting of the basic situation," as Mr. Nevins suspects, I think I would have suppressed that letter; for surely it doesn't harmonize with any attempt to present the Pennsylvania uprising as a revolution. On pages 218 and 219 is the text of a letter written by James Smith to the commander of a British detachment escorting supplies, which he signed as "a sincere lover of my King and Country." I should have suppressed that, too, had I been trying to make him a revolutionist. The point made, on the basis of this letter, is that even after Lexington and Breed's Hill, leaders of the American colonies "would still be thinking of themselves as loyal subjects of their king, and of their quarrel as a quarrel with the king's ministers, his governors, and his military representatives; they would be talking of independence—when they talked of it at all—in awed and unbelieving tones." It seems to me that this paragraph alone is adequate to show that I had no intention of presenting the Pennsylvania uprising of 1765 as revolutionary or as a part of the Revolution.

For the past four years I have been steeping myself in source records of Pennsylvania frontier history, in an attempt to write a novel—"The Temporary Gentleman"—about the causes of the Revolution west of the Alleghenies. Knowing that some of those traders, against whom the anger of the settlers burned most fiercely, took the side of the colonies in the Revolution, that a royal governor himself used Black Boy tactics against one of these traders in 1774, and that "the seed of the Black Boys" became, during the Revolution, plain horse-thieves, I could hardly have regarded the insurrection of 1765 as part of the Revolution. To twist it into that, I'd have had to be a far better liar than I am.

NEIL H. SWANSON.

Baltimore, Md.

"HAVE YOU A BOOK THAT WON'T INTERFERE WITH MY KNITTING?"

Gadgets

SIR:—If any of the many kindly disposed readers of the *S.R.L.* are willing to ransack attics, desk-drawers, bureau-drawers, collections of keepsakes, nurseries for those little books which one thumbed rapidly to give the effect of motion, and find them, I shall be pleased to hear from them. Also, those strips and silhouette figures used in the Zoetrope or Wheel of Life and looked at through a slitted hat-box affair, to give the same effect. Or other devices. They are wanted to complete the story of the early stages of the principle which underlies that of the motion picture.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

143 E. 49th St.,
New York City.

Data

SIR:—Has "data" ceased to be a plural noun? Both Duncan Aikman and Selden Rodman, in their articles in *SRL* for June 26th, use it in the singular.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

(*Regrets.—Ed.*)

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The Infancy of Trailer Literature

THE TRAILER HOME. By Blackburn Sims. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1937. $1.50.

TRAILER AHOY! By Charles Edgar Nash. Lancaster, Pa.: Intelligencer Printing Co. 1937. $1.50.

TOURING WITH TENT AND TRAILER. By Winfield A. Kimball and Maurice H. Decker. New York: Whittlesey House. 1937. $2.50.

TRAILERS. By Freeman Marsh. New York: Coward-McCann. 1937. $1.50.

THE CRUISE OF THE BOUNCING BETSY. By J. N. Darling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1937. $1.

FOLDING BEDOUINS. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Co. 1936. $1.

Reviewed by THEODORE PRATT

THESE six books written about trailers are divided into two distinct categories, two making fun of the subject and four modestly described as giving expert information about it. All of them but one are extreme, being either too enthusiastic or too satirical. Trailer books so far, with the exception of Freeman Marsh's "Trailers," are, like the trailer itself, in their infancy. Did you say that all trailers would ever have is an infancy? Step out of that tintype, Grandpa, get in the color photograph, and remember the early days of automobiles as you would the Maine.

"The Trailer Home" has the largest diaper pinned about its thin loins. Mr. Sims, forgetting that nothing can be perfect, claims that trailers are. And in his manner of telling us this it would often seem that he is addressing a backward class of imbeciles. He steps down to us with such short, simple paragraphs that they give the impression it is a little difficult for us to understand. He makes us glow with exclamation marks, whole sentences in italics, and such assurances as "Now this is gospel!" Mr. Sims has his way to travel in a trailer, and it has its points, but it isn't the way of every trailerite, even though Mr. Sims thinks it should be.

"Trailer Ahoy!" comes a close second in the diaper contest. Occasionally it takes a leap or two ahead of its main rival. Mr. Nash, too, thinks that trailers are about the most unblemished affairs ever devised and informs us of this in a resounding speech, Rotary style. His book is illustrated by more than one hundred full-page sepia pictures, which here and there are excellent, as there must be a few good things among so many. The most unfortunate event in the course of his self-conscious collection of the material for his book was the fact that he had a camera along to take pictures of rocks of great personal interest to him but of no conceivable account to anyone else.

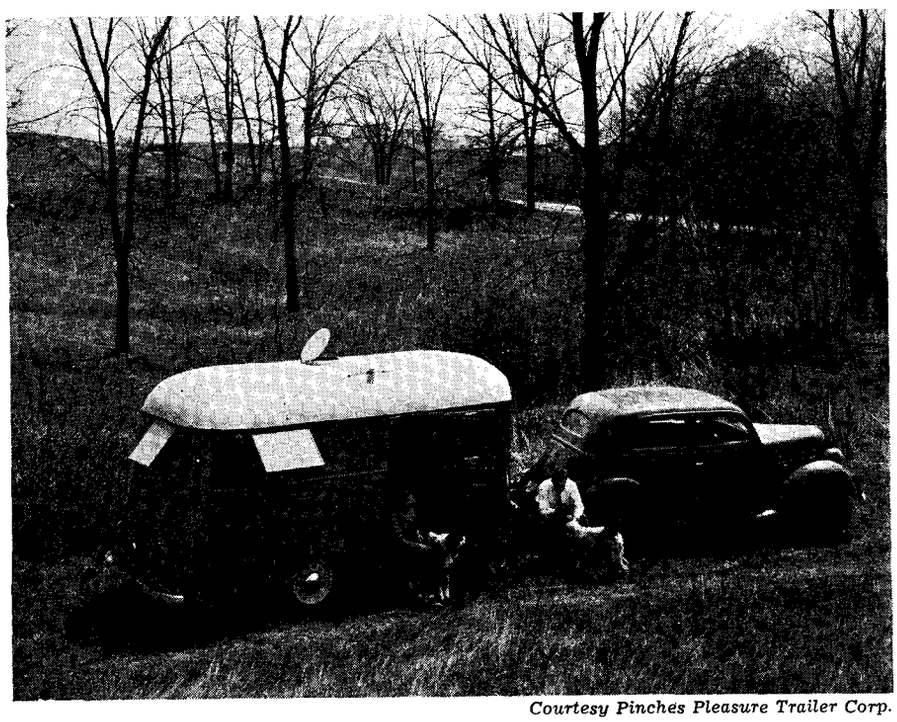
"Touring with Tent and Trailer" is pretty grown up, in its facts at least, when it treats of motor camping and living in tents. For that special and commendable race of people called "tenters," this is a first-class guide. But as far as trailers are concerned, there is the note about the volume that Mr. Kimball and Mr. Decker, in the process of preparing a book about motor camping, saw the trailer rushing down upon them and thought it would be a topical gesture to note its thundering approach with a few chapters. What they manage to work in about the two-wheeled flying flats is of some fair use, but it is in short pants and already a good deal dated because what is today published about the mushroom industry is tomorrow ancient history.

Freeman Marsh is the only author who has managed to put on long trousers and reach a stature where his head is level with complete and, for the most part, sensible information. His approach to the subject, as a trailerite himself, contains little personal bias. This in itself is a momentous achievement, with the race of Americans now about evenly divided between demon lovers of trailers and demon haters. His history of the trailer and his advice on how to purchase, live in, and drive, a trailer, are all pretty sound. His list of things to take along can be used just about as set down.

Mr. Marsh is the single one to have remembered, in the frenzy of the ballyhoo, that trailers must go somewhere, and included both a detailed list of national parks with trailer facilities and a facsimile of *Trailer Travel's* directory of camps, though the latter since has been tenfold augmented. His account lacks such things as the exacting technique of properly getting a hitch put on your car and what happens when you get a trailer blow-out—usually a tire torn to ribbons—but if you are thinking of buying a trailer, have a trailer, or are one of those who have given up a trailer in disgust, "Trailers" is the single serious book that can be conscientiously recommended.

Of course you may also want a copy of J. N. Darling's "The Cruise of the Bouncing Betsy," or Howard Vincent O'Brien's "Folding Bedouins," for no one laughs at trailer jokes more unreservedly than a trailerite himself. In fact, the only one to know that such books are to be taken wholly in a spirit of joyous sophistry is the trailerite. Both of these happen to be stories of trailer trips to Florida. Each is amusing at the expense of a good many facts, with "Ding's" the more hilarious of the two. The swaddling clothes of humorous books about trailers are more generally prophetic of adult garb than those of the straight factual volumes.

Theodore Pratt has just completed his fourth novel, a story about trailer life, "Uneasy House." He has built his own trailer and for the past year has been living and travelling in it.



Courtesy Pinches Pleasure Trailer Corp.

RESTING BY THE WAYSIDE

Elegant Author

By JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

HE spun a web of shining prose
To celebrate the bursting rose.

He styled his rapture with a scorn
For the tangled earth, the potent thorn.

He sought, in short, to lift the rose
To the ordered beauty of his prose.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

I. PROLOGUE.—IMAGINE, PLEASE.

IT is earth's most famous town, so it belongs to everybody, and to all times at once. You must build it in your own mind. Put it on a rocky hillside above a channel of shallowing green water. Put over it your own favorite sky; give it your most familiar birds and flowers, sounds and savors. Just for a moment, concentrate on essentials: the wide freshness of sunny air, the breath of pine and fern and cedar, the clear blue spread of sea, the snake on the stone still warm at dusk. How many million years did it take him to counterfeit that lichen pattern, and what is time to him?

Or to us. Were we given memory to suggest how unimportant is time? We think a lot of Now, but isn't Then always getting the better of it? Let's mix them together and make Always.

Imagine, please (as though it were the opening vistas of a moving picture) the town in long perspective. As we come in from sea (across our private ocean of doubt and delay and despair) it looks perhaps as it would have been visualized by Chaucer and Maxfield Parrish: a stylized medieval stronghold, with walls and towers and battlements. Conical turrets are washed in sunset, against the darkening lavender of Mount Ida. Dear to any city is a neighboring mountain, even if only a hill. It gives somehow a sense of solid permanence; which we terribly need.

What, in the pathos of afternoon, are the most romantic towns we know? Panama, Oxford, Edinburgh; Göttingen, Honolulu, Quebec; Sémur, Ticonderoga, Cold Spring Harbor; Dublin, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Baltimore—this has something of them all.

As we look carefully, it's odd: among medieval walls and classic temples we see perpendicular modern skyscrapers, radio towers, filling stations, and a seaside roadhouse down by the beach, Sarpedoni's Shore Dinner. A concrete road, with a yellow taxi moving, runs on neutral ground, between the lines, from the city to the shore.

There is a military camp (the Greek Expeditionary Force) laid out neatly not far from the town; a flagpole flies a banner with the initials G.E.F., and below the camp the Greek fleet is drawn up on the sand. Greek officers in helmets and armor are hurrying about in little chariots, or drilling infantry. Behind a huge camouflaged screen of canvas and foliage some are building the Wooden Horse. Sentries on the walls of Troy gesture mockingly. Here and there are engagements or skirmishes—a party of Greeks bathing in the river are surprised by a Trojan sally; or Trojan foragers run from attack and take refuge inside the city.

This panorama, first seen very small and remote, comes closer. A distant murmur, growing louder, is now sounds of battle, clash of weapons, confused voices, running feet. Evidently the last scrimmage of the day is going on. There are cries, indistinct, which we might suppose to be a foreign language; but no, suddenly they come clear; so full of energy, excitement, that we never pause to think them grotesque.

Look out! Look out for Achilles!
Well stopped, Troilus!
The kid can take it.
Only a few minutes more.
Come on, gang, let's go.
Watch that double shift.

A crashing cheer, in unison of many voices: *Hoi polloi, hoi polloi, hoi polloi, Sparta!*

A cry: *A pair of horns for Menelaus!*

A derisive horn is blown twice. Louder shouts and tumult.

'At's breakin' through, Sparta!
Pretty work, Ulysses.

The voice of Agamemnon: *Short yell for Europe!* followed by another mass cheer: *What do we want? The Hellespont! Europe, Europe, Europe.*

The voice of Hector: *Inside the walls, Trojans. Shut the gate!* There is a heavy booming slam, a great door closing. A referee's whistle shrills. Complete silence.

And then an ironical Trojan voice from inside the walls: *Not tonight, Menelaus.*

II. DRESSING ROOM

We see them first through a kind of fog. Is it the mist of Time (which we affected to disregard), or the pale haze of Romance? In the vapor, figures are moving; we hear voices, but a peculiar steady hissing drowns the words.

The fog is simple, it is clouds of steam; the hiss, falling water in a shower bath. It's the dressing room where some Trojan warriors are cleaning up after the day's fighting. Through the fog we see their naked athletic bodies under the spray. (Naked bodies have no date; nor naked minds either.) They shout to each other as gaily as college boys, or golfers at the club.

But the water turns cold; they howl. As the steam thins we see that they have dropped their antique armor in piles along the wall, under a row of pegs each marked with a name. These are HECTOR, PARIS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, TROILUS. Their clothes (modern underwear, ancient tunic and sandals) are hanging on the other side of the room. Each tunic has its owner's name stitched on the back.

There are two long benches, and a rubbing table. Troilus, youngest of these officers, is lying face down on the table, massaged by Fuscus, a small elderly black slave. The others are shivering under a spray as the water chills. We must be allowed to interpret their conversation into a parallel argot.

ANTENOR—Snappy work today.
AENEAS—Boy, am I set for chow!
DEIPHOBUS—You got a date tonight?
PARIS—Hey, it's turning cold.
ANTENOR—*Turning* cold!
AENEAS—Ouch!

Hector is the senior warrior and commander of the regiment. He is too much a veteran to squawk about a cold shower, but he puts his head out of the spray and chaffs the coon. Fuscus has been their attendant since the siege began, and they allow him much familiarity. Fuscus, you dinge (says Hector) how d'you expect us to fight a war without hot water?

Fuscus, busy kneading and slapping, vents an endearing negro cackle. Yassuh, nosuh, Marse Hector, you-all does utilize a powerful lot. That ole boiler jest caint accomodate.—Fuscus is hoping they won't guess that he hurried Troilus, his favorite, into the bath first, to get plenty of the hot.

Troilus, from his prone position, with his head on his arms, murmurs something inaudible.—What you say, Marse Trolius? Did I land on a misery? I reckon you got a confusion on that left cheek.

I said, Troilus repeats, the Greeks don't have hot water.

No *suh*, them Greeks aint got nothin' but the ole Hygiene Sea. I reckon thass why they call theyselves Spartans.

(You can see the boy's shoulders shake a little.)

The other officers have come from the bath. They towel themselves, slip into their shorts, sit on the benches to finish dressing. It is good to see them first in stark human simplicity; even the most famous heroes were once young and unconscious. But we must be careful not to prejudice ourselves toward a merely comic viewpoint.

Is anybody going out to Sarpedoni's tonight? asks Deiphobus. That shore dinner would taste good.

Lissen, Marse Phobus, says Fuscus, you be kinda niggerly with that shrimp salad. Along about fightin' time tomorrow you be libel to the gripes.

Tomorrow's a holiday, Deiphobus observes.

Better be choosy anyhow, there's other kind of shrimps down that-a-way.

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Hector, who feels his responsibility, tolerates the old servant's chatter because he knows it contains much good sense. He comes to the table where Troilus is lying. How's that shoulder, he asks.

Troilus, trying to be polite—notice the respectful way he raises and turns his head while Fuscus is manhandling him—says, All right sir, I guess.

Don't try to do everything all at once, Hector advises. There'll be plenty of fighting yet.

But I've only just got into it, says the youngster. I want to do something fine.

Well, go a little slow till you get broken in.—Hector smiles (a bit grimly) at the boy's enthusiasm. He judges the handsome back and shoulders with the eye of a connoisseur; he and Fuscus exchange glances of understanding as Hector indicates the massage he wants done. The slave rubs the shoulder with oil.

This here's a beautiful muscle, Marse Trolius; what they calls a deltoid, you want to take care of it. Thass what put the ole shove behime a spear. That, an' this here trapezius—

Lay off, you're tickling, says Troilus. He gets up and goes to dress; the colored man follows him to the bench still giving a final polish to the admired anatomy. The boy listens respectfully to the conversation of his seniors.

AENEAS—The Greeks weren't so keen today.
ANTENOR—They're not so much. I had a terrible inferiority complex about them at first. I thought, just because they were Europeans, we couldn't possibly match up to them.
AENEAS—Funny, that's just the way I felt.
PARIS—Europeans are so damn sure of themselves, they think they know so much more than anybody else, they get away with it just on bluff.
ANTENOR—It's the old story, Europa and the Bull.
PARIS—That time I was in Sparta, I never saw such a bunch of egotists in my life. It just made you hanker to put something across them. That was really one reason why—oh well—

The others are too gentlemanly to pursue this into personalities.

AENEAS—Still and all, I don't know, they've got something over there that we haven't got. I suppose because it's a new country, more chance for initiative. Gosh, I hope I get a chance to travel and see some of those places. I'd like to start something somewhere.

Hector, in spite of his fiery temper, does not believe in undervaluing the enemy. There's quite a few Greeks to be disposed of, he remarks, before you go sightseeing. —Deiphobus says, The Greeks have some swell fighters but they're short on teamwork.—Paris, in a confident mood, suggests They're getting stale.—Canny old Fuscus, hanging up armor, can't hold in any longer.

We-all gettin' stale too, Marse Paris. Dis a mighty endurin' sort of war.—He finds a dent in Paris's breastplate.—Holy cat, someone sure give you a strong peck in de shirtfront. Dat don't look stale to me, it look timely. Yes *suh*, it look purposeful. You want to supervise yo'self.

ANTENOR—I was noticing Menelaus. He's getting a bit slow on his feet.
FUSCUS—He got de rheumatiz from sleepin' cold. I reckon even if he did break into dis town he'd be too puny for Miz' Helen.

Paris throws a wet towel at him.—Don't get fresh, you black magpie.

DEIPHOBUS—Nothing slow about Achilles. That bird is tough.
HECTOR—You say so for my instruction?

Troilus has been obscurely troubled by the tone of this conversation. But the mention of Achilles thrills his eager spirit.

I wish I could fight like that, he exclaims. There's something splendid about doing things the way he does. That straight-arm thrust of his—Zeus, what a stroke!

He imitates it with a gesture. His agile grace delights the other men, but he sees them watching and is embarrassed.

DEIPHOBUS—You parried it pretty well.
TROILUS—I didn't really parry it; I ducked it.
HECTOR—You must sidestep. That leaves him wide open, off balance. You might get into his ribs.
TROILUS—Is that fair?
HECTOR—Anything's fair against Achilles. You could have sliced him from below when you ducked under his spear.
TROILUS—I thought of that, but—I guess it's silly—his eyes were so bright. He was grand, he was so intense. So—all in one piece, so absolute, complete. I don't know how to say it; d'you know what I mean?
HECTOR—I know.
TROILUS—I kept on thinking, they're really beautiful when they're fighting.
HECTOR—It's true. Everyone's beautiful when he's doing his stuff.
DEIPHOBUS—But don't get too thoughtful about it, out on the front line.
TROILUS—I didn't know war was like this; it makes you feel clean, somehow. You don't really hate anybody.
HECTOR—Go on, kid, get into your clothes. You'll catch cold.

Troilus retires to an alcove, unconsciously practising a sword-stroke as he goes.

The boy's shaping up well, says Paris. —He'll make a good soldier, Hector admits.—Unless, Deiphobus suggests, he stops to admire Achilles at the wrong moment.—There's material here for argument; Hector is on the point of saying, perhaps that's the spirit that makes the best soldier of all? But their attention is diverted. Fuscus, who has been cleaning armor and putting away weapons, drops a folded paper out of a helmet.

AENEAS—Hey, Dusky, you dropped something.
FUSCUS—Yassuh, Marse Aeneas, jes' a lil bitty paper fell outen Marse Trolius' headgear. I'll put it right back.
AENEAS—What is it?
FUSCUS—I dunno suh, I take note he alluz carries it there. I suspicion it's kind of a memorabilia.
ANTENOR—Papers in his helmet? Let's see.
FUSCUS—I was fixin' to put it back, I had a notion it was private.

Do as I say! Antenor shouts angrily. He threatens the slave. Yassuh, yassuh, Fuscus apologizes; I didn't go to be ornery.—He surrenders the paper, and the four younger warriors cluster round to examine it; but not Hector, this is beneath his dignity.

It's his schedule for the day, cries Antenor, amused.—This is good, says Aeneas. Serious minded youngster, what?—He won't take it so hard, Paris remarks, when he's been in it as long as we have.—Maybe he will, says Hector: that's what I like about him.

Antenor laughs: He's got everything timetabled. Listen:—

"6 A.M., Prayers and Gymnastics. 7 A.M., Equitation. 8 to 12, Study, and Manual of Tactics. 12 to 2, Overhaul Equipment. 2 to 6., Fighting. 6 to 7, Examine Errors of the Day."

This causes a cackle, but Hector, listening moodily, suggests: That would take some of you boys longer than an hour.

Six o'clock's too early to check up, says Paris. Most of the errors come later.

What's the rest of it? asks Deiphobus.

Antenor continues. "7, Dinner. 8 to 9, Guard Duty. 9.15, Prayers and Bed."

They look at each other, somewhat aghast.

DEIPHOBUS—Don't he ever relax?
AENEAS—He'll never get to be a soldier that way.
PARIS—You can't have a decent war without some kind of social background.
HECTOR—You ought to know.
PARIS—Skip it, he's coming back.

Antenor hastily gives the paper to Fuscus, who replaces it in the helmet. As Troilus returns, fresh and shining in his clean robe or chiton, Deiphobus covers the awkward moment by saying, Tomorrow's a day off, isn't it?

Yes, Aeneas answers; there's that big patriotic service at the Palladium. You going, Troilus?

Why, we all go, don't we?

We don't have to, says Hector. The squad gets leave for the day. You can break training if you want; do you good.

Colonel, you're smooth, says Deiphobus, giving Hector a humorous salute. I'm going to take a little wimp down to the shore and give her swimming lessons.

The breast stroke, I suppose, gibes Antenor.

If you want to pick a good one, better

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go to the service, Aeneas suggests.—They'll all be there in their prettiest flimsies.

That's what I call patriotism, says Antenor.—Have you seen that little brownie in the yellow tunic?

Thanks, I've made my own arrangements. (Deiphobus is quite smug about it.) Troilus doesn't seem much interested in the topic. His mind is still on military duty. Hector, he asks, what you said about side-stepping a straight-arm: what's the trick of timing it?

I'll show you, says Hector; look here, you. . . . At this moment a bugle is blown outside, there's a trample of feet, the clatter of grounded spears, and a deep voice: "Ho Basileus! The King!"

Cheese it! says Deiphobus: Here's Priam!

Antenor whispers to Aeneas: Here's our chance to examine the errors of the day.

King Priam enters, in classic panoply. His officers jump to attention. He fixes them with a magisterial eye, just long enough to effect the proper anxiety.

I suppose (he says) you're all pretty well pleased with yourselves. Maybe you didn't know I was watching. I never saw such an exhibition. You let that crowd of Peloponnesians push you clear up to the gate before you show what's in you. What sort of fighting is that?

They stand uneasy and abashed. It's rather like a football team savaged by an angry coach.

PRIAM—Hector!
HECTOR—Yes, sir.
PRIAM—Achilles is your opposite number. Why do you let him get past that way? He was breaking through between you and Paris whenever he felt like it.—And you, Paris!
PARIS—Yes, sir.
PRIAM—You've been in this thing from the start, you ought to know the signals by now. When the boys make interference for you, follow it.
PARIS—Yes, sir.
PRIAM—Aeneas, I saw Deiphobus take out Ajax, why didn't you smear Ulysses?
AENEAS—I wasn't good enough. He's very shifty, sir.
PRIAM—He is, eh. They're all shifty. You fellows seem to think we can soldier along with this thing indefinitely. It can't be done. The situation's serious. Antenor, cut out the grand-stand stuff. Chasing old Menelaus down the sidelines isn't getting us anywhere. Lay for someone your own metal, like that smart Diomedes, and knock him cold. The only man I saw picking out the tough eggs was Troilus, and he's not ready for it yet. Troilus, your swordsmanship's terrible. Get some vitamin. Keep your elbow loose, but throw some back behind it.

Fuscus has been nodding approval to these comments. Yassuh, King, I done tole him he muss use dat trapezius.

Priam, wise old executive, also knows how to use the lighter touch.—I'll put Fuscus out there, he says, to show some of you how to do it.

FUSCUS—Nosuh, nosuh, King, I jes' figurin' the *theory* of it.
PRIAM—Soldiers, I'm not joking. There's a lot of queer things happening: you'll hear some of them on the air tonight. You've got a day off tomorrow to think things over. Pull yourselves together, and work like Trojans. Show me something on Monday.

He gives them a formal salute, which they return punctiliously and in unison. But after he has gone they slump dejectedly on the benches—except Troilus, who stands erect with eager resolve.

Dat ole Basilisk, mumbles Fuscus, he know what he talkin' about.

Troilus blurts out, We mustn't let him down.

(To be continued.)

English '37

(Continued from page 8)

or even described, Jake and Lady Ashley could behave this way only because they felt the emotions which the reader attributes to them. Much modern fiction tries in this way to enforce a behavioristic analysis on the reader. But the method is limited. Frequently effective with any character in short passages, or for transitory emotions or uninvolved motives, it can be effective throughout a novel only for characters whose inner lives—motives, affections, doubts, impulses, inhibitions, compulsions—are simple, elementary, and limited. The expatriate drunks, gunmen, bull fighters, and contemporary Neanderthals of Hemingway can be completely rendered in this way, for their emotions are simple and their behavior issues directly from them. But if the method were applied to Henry James's Ralph and Isabel, who cannot post a letter without invoking intricate patterns of feeling and thought, the result would read like a collaboration between Hemingway and James Thurber. With such characters it is possible, of course, to avoid all analysis by the direct rendition of perception and emotion, the flowing consciousness of "Ulysses." This expedient, however, is limited by its length and mass, its infinite detail, which can be cut down only by falsifying it. A method which requires eight hundred pages to render partially the events of less than twenty-four hours in the lives of three characters must be used sparingly in a novel about twenty people which covers half a century.

The skillful novelist relies on an appropriate use of all methods, according to the needs of his book, and on the reader's margin of toleration, which he will endeavor to increase by all means at his command. He will use a behavioristic technique in order to avoid analysis in some passages, and in others he will use free association. He will analyze forthrightly where he cannot avoid doing so, breaking up the analysis with other detail as a subterfuge to keep the scene in motion, making the characters analyze one another for him where that can be done with conviction, attaching all the items of his analysis to the actual movement of the scene where that is possible, making one item imply as many more as possible.

Most of all he will utilize the ability of fiction to move on more than one level at a time. The symbols which Freudian and other schools of analytical psychology have put at his disposal are infinitely serviceable. A symbol which is valid for a character is usually valid for the reader as well. When a character's action is also symbolical action, in the terms of such psychology, the reader needs no analysis. And simple carpentry is just as useful. Any important action or emotion will need little analysis if its components have appeared before in conditions implicit to the book. Handsome Harry's cruelty to the beautiful Bertha in a climactic scene does not require analysis if the reader has seen Harry pulling off the wings of a fly on page 50, and though this analogy is simple, such anticipation and preparation are, at a higher level, a basic method of fiction. A complex emotion, an action which results from mixed motives, is immediately understandable if its constituents have appeared earlier, in a simpler form, in the natural progress of the book. The reader understands the working out of energies if he has been familiarized with their development. If he has had enough concrete items to make a foundation, he does not require the abstractions of a blueprint in order to complete the structure.

(To be continued)

Claims of the Buckeye

(Continued from page 4)

when it is present. Before considering the historical causes for our normality, however, let me set down the names of three Ohio writers who may be thought of as having something more in common than mere accident of birth; these three are Sherwood Anderson, Jim Tully, and Harry Kemp.

Anderson was thirty-five before he started to write; he had been a manufacturer in a small Ohio town before that. Then he experienced a psychic upset, and abandoned the industrial world between two days. Clifton Fadiman calls him "a sentimental rebel against industrialism," and that is quite accurate, but of course it is only a part of the picture. Sherwood Anderson stands for a period of self-analysis and self-discovery in our national literature; he remains bewildered, but he is honest and unsparing of himself.

Even more preoccupied with his own personality, but less able to appraise it, is Jim Tully. His novels are a series of auto-

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biographies; and his hero, under various tough disguises, is an Oliver Optic hero. Tully ran away from an orphan asylum to lead a life of a hobo, and then had considerable success in the prize ring. He conceived an ambition to be an author, and with dogged determination set about realizing that ambition. His handicaps were many, and he never got over a naive astonishment at the measure of success that came to him. He was my own discovery, by the way, and it is difficult for me even now to maintain my wholesomely detached attitude. When Jim is objective, when he sticks to his material and forgets to be literary, his stuff is picturesque and convincing; it packs a wallop. His aims and ideals are not discoverable.

Harry Kemp has been known for so many years as "the tramp poet" that an entirely false legend of him has arisen. Let it be remembered that Kemp did not start out to be a tramp, as Jim Tully did. He went to college first, and came away with an ability to read the Greek poets in the original. He did not become a poet by being a tramp, but he became a tramp by being a poet. And he is the most consistent poet alive today. He has never compromised, never made friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, never pulled down the flag of personal independence. He is now past fifty, and he still lives from hand to mouth, giving a boyish and wholehearted devotion to his Muse. To the day of his death, he will be a bubbling spring of fresh enthusiasm, an outrager of the feelings of respectable people, and an essentially and deeply religious individual. Of all our American writers of poetry and prose, Harry Kemp is the most charitable toward others, the most lovable in himself, the most faithful to the ideals of his youth.

So there are three contrasts, like the three points of an equilateral triangle. What is their common property? This—that they are three hard-boiled sentimentalists from Ohio.

It is not necessary to recite here the accomplishments of Louis Bromfield, author of a number of excellent novels, winner of a Pulitzer prize, one of the really accomplished writers of fiction today. Nor is there space within these limits to do more than mention the names of many other meritorious writers; the librarian's list referred to contains these, among others: Opie Read, James Ford Rhodes, Robert Haven Schauffler, Eugene Walter, Thomas Jay Hudson, Morris Herbert Woolf, John Taintor Foote, Fred C. Kelley, Ezra Brudno, Marjorie Barclay McClure, Whiting Williams, James Barton Adams, Don S. Knowlton, Everett Rhodes Castle, Clarence Stratton, Charles Franklin Thwing. I could easily double it; the state is crowded with writers, as all crowded states must be. They just aren't marked in any way as of Ohio.

To be surprised at not finding the distinctively regional flavor in current Ohio literature is, I think, a sign that one has misconceived the historical and geographical position of Ohio among the states. The absence of a picturesque, unique local coloring in any given region may well be a mark of long-established culture rather than the reverse. Kansas and Iowa have been frontiers within the memory of living men; and within that same period, Wisconsin and Indiana have been overwhelmingly rural in population. But Ohio's frontier days belong to the Revolutionary period as much as do those of New York or Maine. Marietta and Cinicinnati were setled in 1788, Gallipolis in 1790, Dayton and Chillicothe in 1796. In 1796, too, Moses Cleaveland laid out, for the Western Reserve of Connecticut, the metropolis which bears his name. Before the eighteenth century had ended these and many others were thriving communities. Ohio became a state of the union in 1803. Clevelanders heard the roar of the cannon that won Perry his victory in the Battle of Lake Erie in 1813, and ere the war was over, the state had begun her modern history.

And her people had begun avidly to seek and heroically to provide for the higher education and the intellectual life. Ohio University at Athens was founded in 1804. In 1824 came Kenyon College at Gambier, Miami at Miami, and Xavier at Cincinnati. In 1826, Western Reserve University was begun. Through the 30's, 40's, and 50's, colleges and universities multiplied. Only half of the forty-eight Ohio institutions granting academic degrees today have been founded since the Civil War; of the first twenty-five, the youngest has entered its eightieth year.

The growth of urban population has been as remarkable as that of the colleges; no other state has as many cities of over 50,000, or as many over 100,000, or as many over 200,000.

What chance has such a state to be individual and picturesque? Ohio does not even partake of the general flavor of the Middle West. New Englanders think of us as Midwesterners, but Iowans and Kansans do not, and even the Hoosiers are inclined to lump us with Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. My neighbors here at home have no naiveté of spirit, no originality of outlook, no extravagance of prejudice. They have no dialect, as New York has, no backdoor neighborliness like Indiana, no carefully cultivated traditions like Kentucky.

If the time shall come when writers who happen to live in Ohio consider the creation of an Ohio literature, they must begin by cultivating the somewhat neglected field of the state's historical past. Even our writers of another day seem strangely to have shied away from their environmental material. Living for years at the scene of our earliest and most exciting pioneer life, Harriet Beecher Stowe chose to write of a New England she admired and a South she had never seen at all. After the Civil War, another Ohio novelist, Albion W. Tourgee, chose to specialize in the South under the Carpet Bag regime. Alfred Henry Lewis, a lively humorist already suffering from neglect, looked to the southwestern cattle country for his material. Meanwhile, the stuff for the most fascinating fiction was spoiling all about them. And most of it is still all but untouched.

Without consulting any works of reference, one can immediately call to mind a score of such possibilities. Drive through the elm-shaded streets of Warren or Norwalk or Andover today, and you will ask yourself how the Atlantic seaboard scene got itself misplaced by so many hundred miles. And you will wonder, as I have, why so little has been written of those Connecticut pioneers, who came to their state's western reserve lands as the nineteenth century was beginning, and nostalgically duplicated their New England villages in the wilderness. Think of the busy and devoted inhabitants of that Shaker Village which is now Shaker Heights, a fashionable residence suburb of Cleveland. Think of Kirtland, where the first Mormons established their commune and built their church before a part of them moved onward to Nauvoo, in Illinois, and got into trouble with their neighbors. (The old-fashioned type of pre-polygamous Latter Day Saints still live in Kirtland and welcome the tourist who visits their splendid old church building.) Think of Tecumseh and Tippecanoe, of "Johnny Appleseed," of the early educational experiments at Oberlin and Antioch, of the "Underground Railway"—of such a wealth of romantic history that every crossroads had its legend.

The politico-historical novelist will note the fact that seven Presidents came from Ohio; and that of the three Presidents assassinated, two were Ohio men. Such a novelist has yet to exploit the real drama of the Hayes election, of the Garfield assassination, of Mark Hanna's creation of McKinley, of Taft's oversetting of the plans of Theodore Roosevelt, of the career of Tom Johnson, of Rockefeller and the great magnates of steel and coal and shipping—and at last, the rise and fall of the Van Sweringen "empire." Even the "Ohio Gang" of sordid memory may yet furnish inspiration for an Ohio Group which is yet to emerge.

In the rapidly approaching day when automobiles and good roads shall have stolen all the novelty from America's out-of-the-way corners, the nationally important region will resume the place it has yielded to the eccentric. And in the day when each of those far places is so populous and enlightened that its literary workers do not find it necessary to huddle together for mutual comfort, the legend of rural intellectual wealth and urban intellectual poverty will be perceived as an illusion due to errors in perspective.

Ted Robinson is literary editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, *and the author of several books.*

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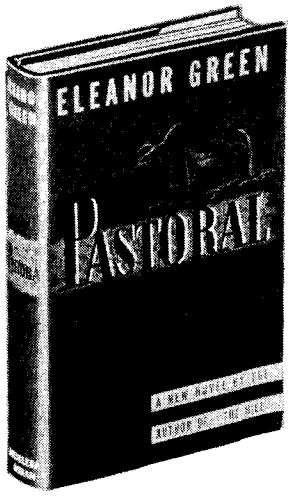

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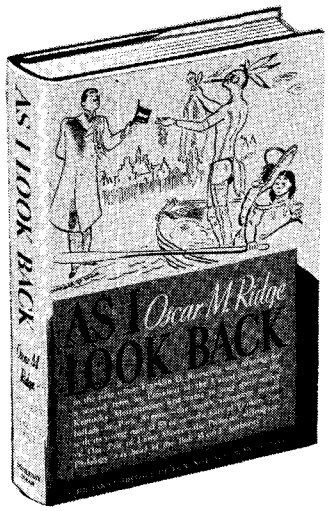

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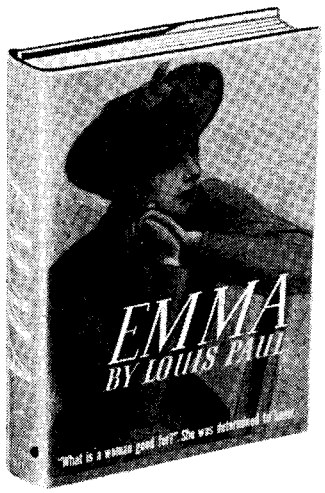

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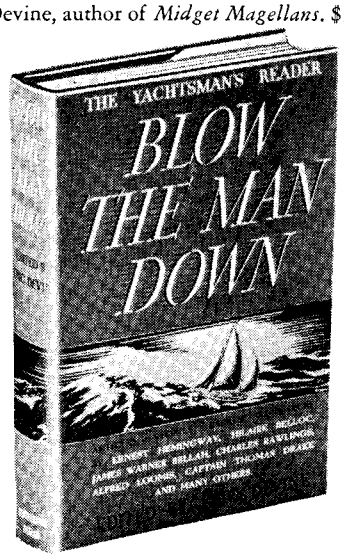

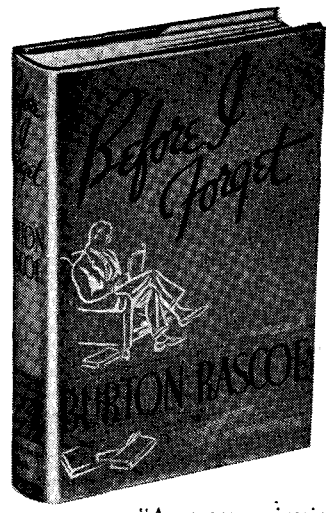

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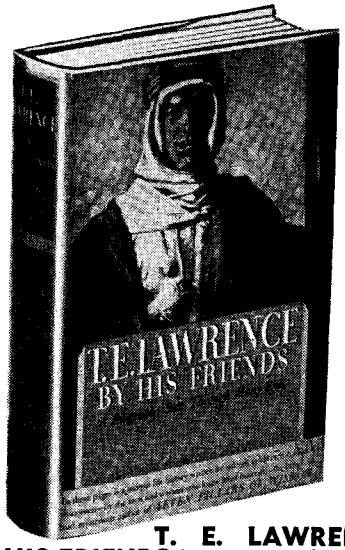

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RANDOM HOUSE

Tennessee Color

ALL CATS ARE GRAY. By Charles G. Givens. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE houn' dog and likker school of Tennessee local colorists adds another volume to its shelves in "All Cats Are Gray," which goes back for its formula to the halcyon times when "The Virginian" was a new book, Charles Egbert Craddock was "doing" the Tennessee mountains, and John Fox, Jr., was illustrating the goodness of God in making so many Kentucky mountain folk. Despite the huge volume of historical material about the Volunteer State, the author assures us in a preface dated from Detroit and addressed to an anonymous "Dear Colonel," that "the great orators, the fiery jury pleaders, the tempestuous, hot-headed fighters, the passionate preachers" of the Tennessee Valley "left no proper record behind them." "If my characters seem pale," he says, the Colonel is to blame: "You've left no written record of your robust time, either in fiction or history."

By way of conveying the flavor of east Tennessee, Mr. Givens's slow-moving yarn whorls in dialectical eddies about a twenty-year-old murder. The victim was the bride-to-be of Jed Turner, "the sweetest pleader the Valley had ever known"; and Jed Turner, without knowing it, defended the guilty man in a trial designed to clear the culprit of all blame. After almost a quarter of a century, the memory of the teller of the tale, a boy from the mines, whom Turner has taken into partnership, begins to click when he goes to buy some dress clothes for the Widowers and Bachelors Club Thanksgiving Dance; a prostitute admits that she lied; and Jed Turner goes out to kill the murderer of his sweetheart, but doesn't—"You don't think much of me," he says, "believing I'd kill a man who refused to defend himself. . . . You ought to know me better, son." Jed Turner's partner marries the daughter of the murdered woman (she had been Jed Turner's sister-in-law); and in "L'Envoi" we learn that "Young Jed, I'm afraid, thinks more of old Jed than he does of his father. He's five now, and he taggles around after old Jed in wide-eyed admiration and wonder." Which is precisely the state of mind of the author.

But it is easy to be unfair to "All Cats Are Gray." Old-fashioned and slow-going, it is a readable yarn, provided the reader is willing to step back a couple of decades into the local-color school. Mr. Givens is not, like his predecessors, given to idealizing the Primitives, and he has a good eye for a comic tale and a good ear for Tennessee speech. There are a couple of noble drunks in the course of the narrative; and Mr. Givens's impassioned defence of Tennessee's anti-evolution bill does credit to his heart if not to his artistic sense. There are also some legal tales calculated to warm the heart of trial lawyers. The slow pace of the narrative has a certain richness which is appealing. But the book is at best a reversion to type—the chorus of villagers, the young hero who does not know until chapter 25 that he is in love with the heroine (who talks "straight" English), the murder, the contemptible villain, the homely philosopher, local customs, and even the accommodation train which "would have stopped dead without Sid there constantly to coax her along."

An Actor-Playwright

AN ACTOR NAMED MOLIÈRE. By Dussane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT

THE value of this biography lies in the fact that it comes from the pen of an actress. Molière has been too much preyed upon by the scholars. His views of life (his philosophy some will call them) have been discussed, the sources of his plays unearthed, his characters dissected according to the variable axioms of psychology and technique, so much so that the great dramatist has been converted into a simple writer chiefly concerned with questions of composition and with the fulfilment of a supposed literary ideal.

Now Molière is the last man to be assimilated to an author of the usual type, even if we class him among the greatest. He was primarily an actor. He wrote with his eye constantly on the theater where his plays were to be produced and upon the players that would take the parts. He acted besides as manager of his own company. For his guidance the laws of the green-room counted much more than the laws of the dramatic *genre*. The usual canons of criticism are not applicable in such a case.

Mme. Dussane, because she herself is in the trade, has not lost sight of these exceptional circumstances, and the result is a singularly refreshing book. The milieu in which Molière lived comes out in a series of brilliant pictures. Mme. Dussane knows the actors of her time, who are the actors of all times, and she has read in the hearts of Molière's associates, all childish creatures, intriguing, quarrelling, emotional, fantastically vain, jealous of each other and yet ready to admire each other extravagantly, always sincere in their exaggerations.

Against that background the figure of Molière stands out vivid and complex. Here is the richness of character which we expect to find in one who knew mankind so well:—the cyclonic vitality, the impulsiveness of a heart full of burning desires, the passionate quest after pleasure, the sensual appetites, the brooding jealousy, the deep-seated tenderness troubled by outbursts of anger, the lovable modesty, the simplicity which left the man an easy victim to adverse circumstances, the firmness of purpose whenever the practical problems of the stage called for leadership, the genial laughter breaking through a mist of gloom at the sight of the futility of life and, above all, that weird perspicacity that made this relentless exposer of human foibles objectively detect his own absurdities and use them in the delineation of his characters.

This is a beautiful portrait and, I am ready to vouch, a true one. Mme. Dussane has successfully carried out a most difficult task. She has chosen as her medium

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that branch of literature, of recent development, which is called "novelized biography." The conversations she reports are imaginary, most of the incidents related probably never happened. Adopting such a method she ran the risk of incurring the suspicion of the learned persons who, so far, have monopolized Molière. But the fact is that this actress is herself one of those learned persons. So that under the fictitious superstructure there exists a solid foundation of ascertained facts. "An Actor named Molière" is more than a brilliant or witty book, it is one of those rare constructions of the mind so saturated with the wisdom of life that even in their inventive boldness they carry the conviction of truth.

Albert Feuillerat is professor of French at Yale University.

A Domestic Chronicle

LIFE IN A NOBLE HOUSEHOLD. 1641-1700. By Gladys Scott Thomson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

FEW British families have had longer or more beneficent careers than that of the house of Russell. Biographies by the score have been written about the successive Earls and Dukes of Bedford, their wives, their younger sons, their family connections. Wealthy, cultured, almost always public-spirited, the Russells have been the stock example of the great family which, through all the changes in the British social system, has given of its best to the commonwealth, either directly by participation in political life or indirectly by practical support of the arts. The record of their deeds belongs to the pageant of epic history, and is familiar enough. But their archives can furnish materials for quite another kind of history, more minute, more intimate, revealing the domestic backgrounds against which their dramas were played.

For this volume Miss Scott Thomson has examined all that survive of the account books of the fifth Earl (later the first Duke). She has untangled and arranged their seemingly commonplace entries, and built up out of her findings a richly colored picture of the everyday life that crowded Woburn Abbey, the Russells' country seat in Bedfordshire, and Bedford House, their city mansion in the Strand. Every department of the Earl's household figures in the accounts: the picture gallery, the library, the schoolroom, the gardens, the stables, the kitchen, the cellar. The whole structure of the domestic establishment, with its stewards, its bailiffs, its clerks, even its cooks and scullions, is explained and illustrated with frequent quotations from the original accounts. The Earl equips himself and his dependents with new clothes, and the tailor's itemized bill appears in the record. Members of the family are ill, and the doctors' fees are carefully entered. The Earl has a toothache, the barber is immediately summoned and paid five shillings for the extraction. Since no detail is omitted, the result is a complete domestic history of life as it was lived in a typical noble household of the seventeenth century.

Miss Scott Thomson has played her part with exceeding nicety. She has covered the stark bones of financial statistics with plenty of meaty comment, and has sorted all her multitudinous facts into the order that makes for good reading. Particularly commendable are the precision and learning with which she has traced the important change in money operations that took place during the Earl's lifetime: how in the beginning all ready cash was kept in a great chest at home, how gradually it found its way on loan into the hands of trading goldsmiths, how finally the goldsmiths grew into bankers. This is compelling and important history, made all the more real by its association here with the life of a well-known family.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 175)

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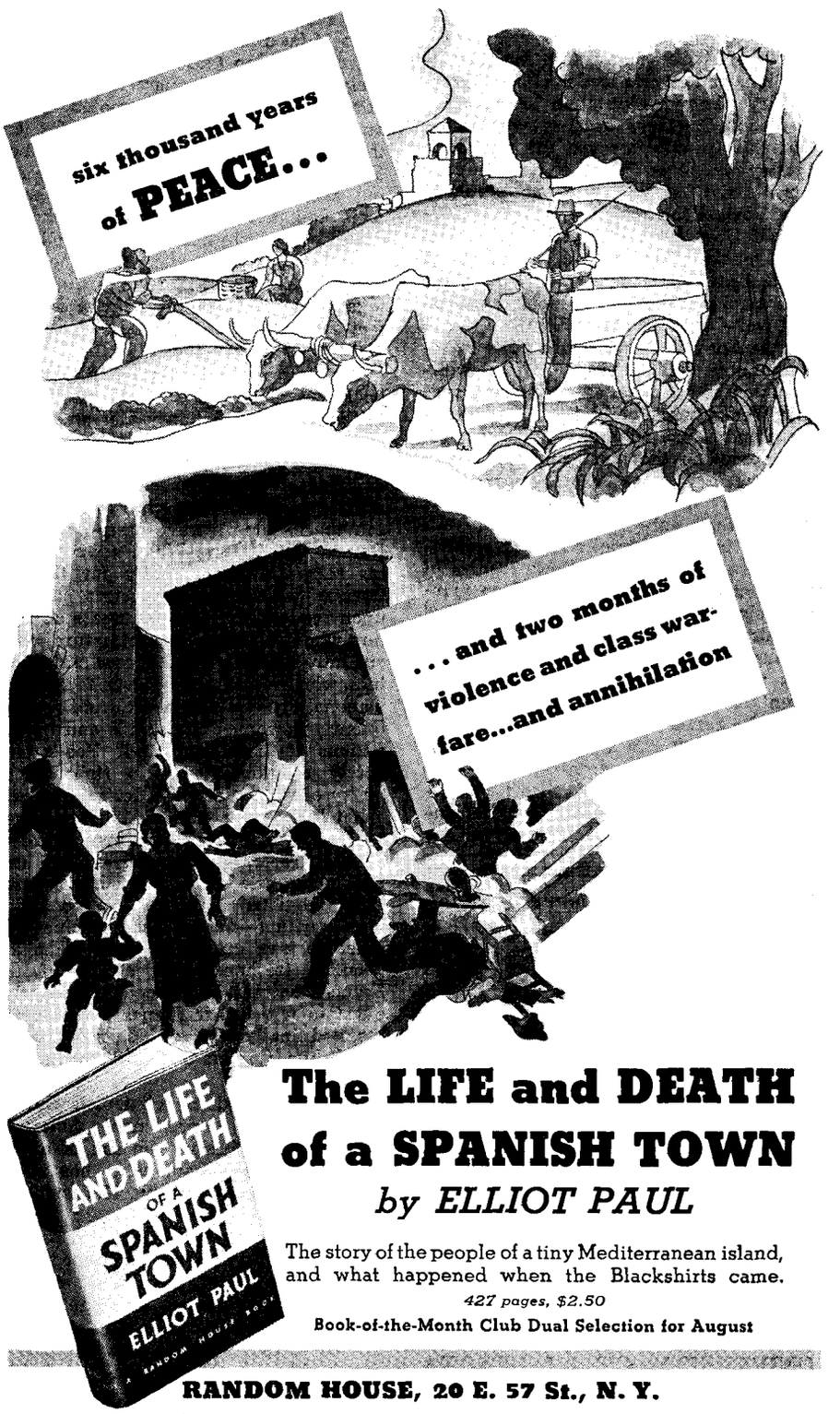
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Wesley and Some Modern Religionists

JOHN WESLEY AND MODERN RELIGION. By Umphrey Lee. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. 1936. $2.50.

THE RETURN TO RELIGION. By Henry C. Link. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $1.75.

GOD AND MAMMON. By François Mauriac. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1936. $1.

THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD. By Nathan A. Smyth. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

STRANGE company this, for a religious genius and leader of John Wesley's known reputation to be forced to keep! So most readers will think. But this is only because the real John Wesley who lived in the eighteenth century is not known. Professor Umphrey Lee, Dean of the School of Religion, Vanderbilt University, undertakes to rescue the much-misunderstood founder of Methodism from his fanatical religious followers, and restore his highly cultured and well-balanced personality to its true reality. For this task, Professor Lee is exceptionally well equipped. With well-documented historical evidence, he proves that Wesley was a child of the Enlightenment and a firm adherent to the cultural as opposed to the mystical authority in religion.

It was Wesley's peculiar religious genius that substituted "Method" for miracle in developing religious experience. And it is one of those ironies of fate that his "Method" worked so marvelously that it soon began to be regarded as miraculous. And a new type of religious enthusiasm was born—Methodism. But method is essentially rational and scientific in its technique, and so Dr. Lee finds the real John Wesley as modern as any eighteenth century religious leader could be. Such modernization of the founder of Methodism is heartily welcomed by its liberal leaders; but the conservatives and leaders of many minor sects in Methodism are not so willing to accept this portrait as the real Wesley.

Historians will have to settle the question as to the real John Wesley; but when it comes to the "Modern Religion" portion of this book, we propose to check this up by reviewing three new books by typical modern religionists, and in this way enabling the reader to decide how modern John Wesley was. The first of these books is: "Back To Religion," by Henry C. Link, Director of the Psychological Service Center of New York City, and also vocational psychologist and sales manager of advertising for several of the largest business corporations in the country. His book needs little review at this time, for it is already one of the best sellers in its field. One of the secrets of its unusual appeal is that it is so cleverly written that the reader immediately calls to mind many friends whose personality problems are treated, and so one itches to circulate the book, for it is the other fellow who is always described. Yet, all the while one does a little thinking about one's own personality problems. Religion is used by the author as drugs by the physician, as a remedy for some ailments. Therefore the theologian and religionist will find many shortcomings in his theology and beliefs. But this fact should not make one lose sight of its great pragmatic value.

The second modern religionist whose book we review is François Mauriac, a brilliant French fiction writer and a Roman Catholic. The problem which perplexes him is a creation of his gifted literary nature and his inescapable religious attachment to the Church. For some reason the problem rarely arises outside of Roman Catholicism. When a writer feels his religious responsibility for the influence which his characters produce upon readers, how can he create characters who are true to human nature without introducing wicked heroes and heroines, who are usually the most fascinating personalities in the book, and consequently poisoning the minds and imaginations of those who read? Has a sincerely religious person a right to be guilty of such a morally destructive act? What is a person who has been endowed by God with an irresistible urge to create such characters—given a great and unmistakable gift—to do when he is genuinely religious? Must he give up Mammon—writing—as did Jean Racine? Or must he give up his religion? With the peculiar freshness and charm of the French writer, Mauriac discusses this question with other French fiction writers, and finally resolves his conflict without dishonoring his God or discarding his talent.

Our third modern religionist, Nathan A. Smyth, is a prominent American lawyer and politician, the son of a distinguished clergyman, who has made science his lifelong hobby. His wide acquaintance with people has led him to realize that modern science with its new discoveries and theories has robbed many educated people of their belief in God. So he undertakes to lead the reader through science to God. And, in doing this he gives science its rightful place in the thinking world. For Mr. Smyth is a passionate lover of science, and he also gives God a place which science itself makes necessary and approves. Though the God to whom he leads the reader may not entirely satisfy the theologian, yet He will tide over the faith of one who is in danger of losing all of his religious beliefs. Such a book will be found useful for those who seek to help any who face the religious problem Mr. Smyth endeavors to solve.

When John Wesley is put into the company of these modern religionists it is seen that his method of attaining The Holy Life, is diametrically opposed to that of these moderns. He calls for renunciation: they call for integration. He calls for separation from this world: they call for identification with this world. They call upon the modern to go not away from, but through nature, human nature, Mammon, to God.

Albert Clarke Wyckoff is pastor of the Reformed Church, Spring Valley, N. Y.

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By DOUGLAS BUSH

"A distinct contribution to the study of classic myths in English literature." — *The Classical Weekly.* "Refreshingly independent and levelheaded."—*London Times.*

$4.00

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, Minneapolis

Merchant of Fortune

THE PEARL TRADER. By Louis Kornitzer. New York: Sheridan House. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

LOUIS KORNITZER was a merchant of fortune in a double sense. From his earliest days in Australia, among the pearl pimps," through the Philippines, China, Paris, and London, fortune led him by the nose and wealth ran through his hands. He had pirates and wild Moros and men amok to treat with in the Sulu Isles. He stopped a war with a merry-go-round, sold gems profitably to a Chinese with a bill payable in Eternity, survived plagues and banditry for the sake of the shell he had stored in a rented church. Jade, diamonds, hemp, and even fish (stored very briefly beneath the congregation of that same church) all contributed to his full life. He failed often, but his final success as a trader, and as an author, seems largely due to his ability to find glamor and amusement and profit in even the cockroach—and there were carnivorous cockroaches in his experience, which in turn were eaten by human connoisseurs.

All one could wish to know of pearls is here: their history, their superstitions, and a method of evaluation which is practicable for the lay collector. Mr. Kornitzer has written of jewels as other men might write of books or horses, cherishing in memory the many he has handled, the seed pearls which are eaten by the Chinese, the 75-grain baroques, the man-made impostures. The book has been checked for accuracy by Curator H. P. Whitlock of the American Museum of Natural History. Criticisms of minor importance might include the author's neglect of the southeastern Pacific pearls (the famous black among them), his statement that the poor natives have no use for baubles, which is quite untrue, and that the naked divers descend with inflated lungs; actually most of the air is expelled before descent.

It seems unlikely that this pleasant book will have the sale it deserves, for it is unpropitiously titled and poorly organized, but it must be recommended to all who care either for gems or for haphazard adventure.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville West. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL. By Irwin Edman. *Viking.*

NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. *Simon & Schuster.*

Books on Village Improvement

E. F. of Barneveld, N. Y., *wants a list of books on village improvement.*

THERE is, of course, a growing literature on city planning but less is to be found on the small town. However, E. F. will probably find material that is helpful to him in John Nolen's NEW TOWNS FOR OLD (Marshall Jones), which records achievements in civic improvement in some American small towns and neighborhoods; in RECENT ADVANCES IN TOWN PLANNING (Macmillan), by T. Adams and others; VILLAGE AND OPEN COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOODS (Appleton-Century), by W. A. Terpenning; THE LITTLE TOWN (Macmillan), by H. P. Douglas, and in a volume issued by the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, entitled PLANNING FOR RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS. There is a bibliography, PLANNING INFORMATION UP-TO-DATE (Harvard University Press), which might prove useful.

Chronology of American History

"I shall appreciate it very much," writes L. N. of Harlingen, Texas, *"if you will tell me where I may find a dictionary of dates in American history."*

There is no good chronological history of America of which I know except as it is part of a universal survey. The best book of the sort is Ploetz's MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY of which I understand Houghton Mifflin is to bring out a new edition in the fall. This will bring the record of events as close to the present as the exigencies of publishing make possible. Ploetz's is a time honored work, reliable and useful.

Books on Animals

A. N. J. of New York City *asks for new books on animals.*

Readers of Conibear's NORTHLAND FOOTPRINTS, reviewed recently in this magazine, should be interested in BEAVER PIONEERS by Wendell and Lucie Chapman (Scribner's.) This is also a book about animals written in fictional form, and again close scientific observation lies behind the book, which is illustrated by an extraordinary series of photographs of beavers in action, probably the best that have ever been taken. Another very different animal book is Bastian Schmid's INTERVIEWING ANIMALS (Houghton Mifflin.) This is a translation from a German book by an animal psychologist whose interest is not in the wild but in the habits of animals in association with man, and closely studied for their psychological characteristics. Most interesting is the controlled experiment showing how a dog finds his way home from new territory.

A Helpful Book

L. H. of Willard, Ohio, writes:

Allow me to suggest as a valuable aid in the selection of books for babies, as requested by Mrs. P. J. E. of Lansing, Mich., a very helpful little volume, written by the Librarian of Youngstown, Ohio Public Library, Mr. Clarence W. Sumner, entitled, *The Birthright of Babyhood,* published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, in 1936.

Mr. Sumner's long adventure in children's problems has culminated in the Mother's Room, an experiment in parent education, which has focused much attention, both professional and public, on his Library.

"The Britons"

In response to the recent inquiry of Mrs. R. K. P. of Colorado Springs, the following letters has come in to me:

I may not be able fully to answer the inquiry made by Mrs. R. K. P. of Colorado Springs in regards to where she can obtain a copy of THE BRITONS, but I may be able to give her some information which may lead to her getting one. "The Britons: A Rhymed History of England," which also included "Dates, General Questions," etc., was copyrighted by Brentano in 1889, and ran into a seventh edition published in 1912. It was a small school book of the "Somerville Series" and designated as "Memory Exercises." I believe I am right in the impression that its author, who used Felix Faber as a pen name, was Miss Meta D. Huger. Miss Huger for many years had a small, private school for girls in New York, first at 537 Fifth Avenue and, later, at 726 Fifth Avenue. As one of her pupils, in the Nineties, I well remember how once a week the entire school recited THE BRITONS in unison. There were approximately 45 verses and we would begin with the last—"Then came Victoria, only eighteen," etc., and end with the first verse—"First came the Britons, a barbarous race," etc. As a memory exercise the verses have certainly excelled for I can recite many of them to this day, as well as remember events in English history which otherwise might have become somewhat mixed in the past.

Should Mrs. R. K. P. fail to get a copy of the book kindly assure her that if she cares to write to me it will give me pleasure to send her a typewritten copy of the verses which I can easily have taken from my copy of THE BRITONS.

Sincerely,
ELFRIDA DE R. BARROW
(MRS. CRAIG).

Savannah, Ga.

The AMEN CORNER

It seems a long time to the Oxonian since he talked at length about his favorite pocket series, the *World's Classics,* those beautiful and really pocket-size little dark blue volumes. But vacation time has arrived, and the first thing that comes to mind is this ideal series of books which offer so large a selection[1] and make so small a dent in one's luggage — and pocketbook.[2]

This year we are particularly lucky. We never travel without Trollope, and two of his longer novels have just been added to the series.

PHINEAS FINN, (in two volumes), is the first of Trollope's "Political" novels, a series which ranks with the celebrated "Barsetshire" novels in interest. All of Trollope's numerous works will eventually be reprinted in the *World's Classics.* PHINEAS FINN was the twenty-fourth title by Trollope to appear in this pocket series. PHINEAS REDUX followed later in the summer to make the twenty-fifth. (The *World's Classics* series, by the way, now comprises over 450 books in all.)

Another new title is THE WISDOM OF THE SIMPLE by Constance Holme, a collection of short stories and sketches by the Yorkshire writer who has eight novels in the *World's Classics* series.

Lord Raglan's THE HERO,[3] which has a subtitle "A Study in Tradition, Myth, and Drama" is a survey of the whole field of the traditional narrative, concluding that it is derived from dramatic ritual, and never from historic fact. Lord Raglan has some fun at the expense of orthodox scholars. One of them, he writes, "tells us that 'in the heroic age they liked to be told the news, and failing that would put up with ancient history. At the moment of the Odyssey the subjects asked for and listened to were the last great events of contemporary history, the siege of Troy and the return of the Greek sovereigns. . .'" "It is incredible," observes Lord Raglan, "that people ever existed who could say, 'You don't know what won the Derby? Oh well, tell us a bit about the Norman Conquest' and on any theory it seems inconceivable that the Homeric poems were composed soon enough after the event for their contents to come as news to the Greeks."

GRAND LARCENY,[4] being The Trial of Jane Leigh Perrot, Aunt of Jane Austen, by Sir Frank Douglas MacKinnon, contains a reprint of a contemporary report of her trial; an account by Sir Frank MacKinnon of the state of the English prisons, and of criminal law and procedure at that time; and a series of letters written by Mrs. Leigh Perrot from prison, and to her by friends and relatives.

In 1800 Mrs. Leigh Perrot was tried at the Taunton assizes after seven months in the county jail at Ilchester, on the charge of stealing a card of lace from a Bath milliner's shop. As the law then stood, conviction would have meant a sentence of death, though in practice it would probably have been commuted to transportation to Australia. She was, however, acquitted.

THE THANE OF CAWDOR,[5] by David Baird, is *Macbeth* as a Detective Story, the narrative as it might have been written by Lady Macbeth's physician, before the sleep-walking had confirmed the suspicions which he had formed on evidences (reported in the play) left by the Macbeths.

Well, we're off!

THE OXONIAN.

(1) Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $.80 each. (3) $3.50. (4) $3.00. (5) $2.00.

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The New Books

Fiction

FOOLISH GIANT. By Robert Westerby. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.

Monozygotic (identical) twins are popularly supposed to be more closely connected on the psychological plane than ordinary brothers and sisters. Mr. Westerby makes his novel turn on this debatable but implicitly dramatic theory. Van and Jon Logan are the sons of a California radical, left to take care of themselves when their father is tarred and feathered to death by the vigilant citizenry. Van becomes a successful prizefighter, largely to support his nervous and frail brother, who wishes to be a violinist. Jealous of his twin and hopelessly involved, Jon commits suicide. Van wins his crucial bout and continues on his way to the championship, but without purpose or pleasure—not even nature's remedy in the person of a ready and willing heroine seems likely to make up for his loss.

This sad case is detailed in fairly competent fashion by Mr. Westerby who, though an Englishman, writes of the great American boxing business as though born within sight of Madison Square Garden. He does not exploit the full possibilities of his principal situation, however, and stacks the cards somewhat unfairly against his hero by making Jon merely a nuisance to everyone about him. Under the circumstances, Van's devotion seems miraculous, monozygotic or not. The early California scenes and the account of Van's last fight are the best and most convincing things in the story, indicating that the author's future lies in the novel of action rather than in character study.

T. P., Jr.

PLACE IN THE CITY. By Howard Fast. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.50.

This is a novel about New York, written with a great deal of enthusiasm and fierce gesturing upon the part of its author. Here, he cries in numerous asides, is a folk-tale of Manhattan, here is the life and heart of my city. Unfortunately they aren't there. To possess them his folk-tale would have to have more credibility, more freshness, more tight, rounded unity. Mr. Fast is a native, but his picture of New York is as blurred by sentimentality and distorted by melodrama as though he were a scenario writer who had never been east of the Hudson. It is disconcerting to see the vigor, almost the creative fervor, with which he produces that old cast of stock characters strutting their stale stuff: the bold, heroic pimp, the martyred prostitute, the poet who dies, the musician who plays crashing chords, the moralizing policeman, the ward heeler who owns the district, the meek little Jewish tobacconist, all the rest. Even these could be made to live if Mr. Fast had done some restorative work upon them, had tried, for instance, to show that his poet was a poet, or his ward heeler a man instead of a functioning power. But for the most part they are allowed to move along the grooves they have followed in their long fictional history, and not even the occasional pages of spirited writing can make them or their story credible.

N. L. R.

TRUTH TO TELL. By Alice Grant Rosman. Putnams. 1937. $2.

This is a gentle and agreeable novel, on the Paul and Virginia theme, with tragedy left out and pleasant English countryside put in. A young brother and sister, separated in their early childhood, seek and find each other in a society where the snobs are rich and snobbish, and the nice people are fine and democratic and just sufficiently hard up to make things cosey. Like so many such books the early chapters, dealing with the childhood of the two, are somewhat more convincing than those later on, where the adolescent slang is improbably coy. Miss Rosman writes highly successful books, which may justly be described as wholesome, and safely recommended for not too stimulating veranda reading. Her already large public are going to like "Truth to Tell," and if your Aunt Minnie wants an undisturbing book to take on her vacation here it is.

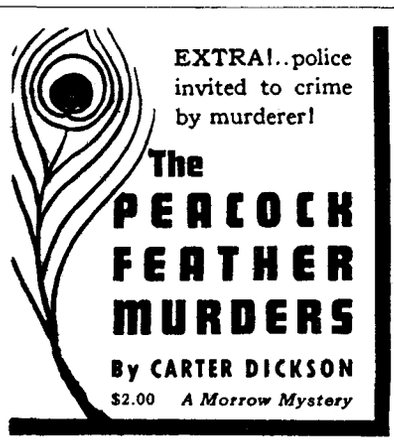
F. W.

MISS BUNCLE'S BOOK. By D. E. Stevenson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.

Artless and ladylike throughout, this is an awkward book on which to comment because the author has rather guilelessly conveyed the impression that here is a woman writing a book about a woman writing a book about a woman writing a book. Just a lark, in other words, but it is not quite larkish enough.

Miss Barbara Buncle needed money, so she wrote a book about the village in which she lived. It was published at once and became a best-seller. It was a very accurate book full of observations from life, and while Miss Buncle had troubled to change the names of her characters she hadn't bothered to change anything else. Consequently when the book hit the village there was the devil to pay. Everyone recognized himself at a glance and nearly everyone was angry. Miss Buncle (something new in authors) did not tell a soul that she was responsible for all the tohu-bohu, and nobody guessed it. Miss Buncle's publisher, delighted with her success and delighted, before long, with Miss Buncle, urged her on to further endeavor, and she wrote another book about everything that had happened since her first book had been published.

Artless again, the author leaves one with the conviction that she thinks her book is like Miss Buncle's, one which may be regarded either as a satire or as



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE KRISTIANA KILLERS *D. Q. Burleigh* (Dutton: $2.)	Maine lumber-mill owner almost murdered; Canadian helper entirely so. Dr. Cyr, with G-men helping, clears up triple mystery.	Novel background, sinuous plot, good characters, sufficient shooting, adept sleuthing, engaging romantic asides, and exciting wind-up.	Grade A
DEATH AT EIGHT BELLS *F. A. Kummer* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	Assorted Washingtonians on pleasure yacht bound down Potomac run into murder which red headed young "amateur" speedily solves.	Interesting revelation of crooked lobbyist's machinations, with agreeable aqueous background, romantic overtones, and sufficient amount of sleuthing.	Fair
THE SINISTER MADONNA *Wallace Jackson* (Hopkins: $2.)	Theft of priceless but unlucky painting brings death to seven or eight criminals and much grief to Inspectors Clancy and Straker.	Much killing—with holocaust at end—but chiefly interesting for clash of American gangsters and private sleuth with English authorities.	Average
ROUND ROBIN *Graham W. Bain* (Lippincott: $2.)	Robin Hood, who leaves card bearing Green Arrow, spoils five unlovely "Egyptians" and retrieves stolen fortune for beauteous gal.	Romantic thief affair, done with gossamer touch, considerable excitement, and airy disregard for anything approaching credibility.	Diaphanous

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a simple chronicle of English village life. The chances are that people who are attracted by a novel entitled "Miss Buncle's Book" may like it, after they have recovered from their first disappointment at finding it is not a charmingly whimsical series of little essays dealing with the first primroses peeping through last autumn's leaves.

C. H. M.

GUILTY IN THE TROPICS. By Edmund S. Whitman. Sheridan House. 1937. $2.50.

An old formula for romantic fiction was the life of royalty and the play of love in a mythical kingdom of the Balkans. Edmund Whitman here reverses the formula. His setting is a mythical banana port on the Caribbean coast of Central America, and the life he portrays is over on the seamy side. Bob (our Prince), a young engineer holding down a job with the banana company, is a two-fisted Norteamericano with a quick wit and a quicker temper. Rosita, the dusky native eyelash-waver, offers her favors to all comers in the professional way, but reserves her passion for Bob alone. The sinister and brutal Comandante of the local garrison makes good his claim to seigniorage over her person, but he cannot win her heart. The drama of the situation lies in the fact that Bob is a prisoner of his rival, having accidentally killed a man in defending the woman he loves.

Mr. Whitman knows his tropical setting at first hand and writes of it with gusto. In a prefatory note he avows that, having already published one tropical-adventure tale, "No Minor Vices," his intention in this second novel was to paint an unflinchingly realistic picture. The result is a book that differs from the romantic tales of pre-war vintage in its hard-boiled manner, its emphasis on brutality, and its unchivalric treatment of sex. Nevertheless, beneath this veneer of realism the reader will find the age-old romance, and it is still as satisfying as ever. The gold is merely coated with brick-dust.

L. J. H.

ENCORE FOR LOVE. By Katherine Dunlap. Morrow. 1937. $2.

Quiet novels like this one of Miss Dunlap's, where figures out of everyday life move against a country background, and all events are tuned to the key of naturalness, demand a superlative skill on the part of the novelist, or a special gift of charm. A scene exquisitely set, characters drawn with a sure hand, distilled dialogue, or that cosily charming atmosphere with which Miss O. Douglas endows her stories—some of these qualities should distinguish a novel of ordinary life, if it is to be remembered or reread.

"Encore for Love" is so nearly a success that one cannot help wishing it were better. It deserves a number of tepidly amiable adjectives—one may say that it is a nicely told story of agreeable people, laid against the pleasant setting of an old château, and that one becomes interested in the mild net of intrigue that is unexpectedly woven into a few weeks of country life. One cannot, however, quite forgive Miss Dunlap for not making us see the little château of Boisbrault, its garden, and its interior, more clearly, or for not permitting us to visualize most of the characters. She has succeeded admirably in preserving the simple diary-key of her book, but one wishes for more light and shade, for the heightening of accents. One figure, the spoiled young American girl, Felicia, emerges sharp and detached, and when her sulky little face passes across the scene, the story warms and lives. Miss Dunlap is at her best when she views her characters with tolerantly satirical detachment.

C. C.

International

RECIPROCITY—A National Policy for Foreign Trade. By William S. Culbertson. Whittlesey House. 1937. $3.

Dr. Culbertson is a Republican. Nevertheless he writes of Secretary Hull's sound constructive approach to the tariff issue. In fact he writes with almost complete approval of the present Trade Agreements program. This program he regards as a logical step in the direction of a scientific non-partisan tariff policy for the United States. Had it not been for earlier Republican steps he believes that the present policy could not have been developed. One chapter of this, his latest, book deals with the Republican origins of the Trade Agreements Program. The primary concern of the volume, however, is broader than party politics. One chapter describes the variety and complexity of present world trade barriers. In another are discussed the content and beneficial operation of several "typical" trade agreements which have been negotiated by the United States under the act of 1934. The question of the constitutionality of the Trade Agreements Act is examined carefully but hopefully. A Supreme Court decision of December 21, 1936, added after the book was in proof, lends support to the statement that, "From our diplomatic and constitutional history it is a reasonable deduction that the court will accept as satisfactory in the making of trade agreements a standard less definite than it requires in dealing with domestic affairs." The lay reader will find the intricacies of tariff bargaining and international balances of payments presented with gratifying clarity. Of the need for such a presentation there can be no doubt.

The last ninety pages of the book contain ten appendices. The Trade Agreements Act is given in full. The countries with which agreements have been negotiated are listed. A table showing the balance of international payments of the United States from 1919 through 1935 constitutes one appendix. The principal new material is found in Appendix Six which presents hitherto unreleased letters, cables, and circulars dealing with the adoption by the United States in 1922-1923 of the unconditional most-favored-nation policy.

L. W. K.

Miscellaneous

ANCIENT LIFE IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA. By Edgar Lee Hewett. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $4.

The scientist who undertakes a popular book covering a wide field assumes a serious responsibility. It is up to him to be painfully accurate, and this in turn requires a deeper knowledge of his subject than would suffice for a technical article on a particular aspect of it. Dr. Hewett's exposition of the ancient Mexicans and Mayas is in the first place badly organized, so as to present to the reader a confusing series of descriptions, sometimes detailed and sometimes so general as to be meaningless, and on the whole lacking in coherence. This hasty Baedeker of the great ruins is followed by a section on intellectual, esthetic, and spiritual achievement which still fails to offer the layman any synthesis of the whole subject. Although passages are written with vitality and freedom, the general impression is not very interesting and distinctly unclear. Scientists will object violently to many of his conclusions, and particularly to his attempt to interpret Central America in the light of the Southwestern United States which is his own particular field. In his closing chapters he comes to some conclusions

(*Continued on next page*)

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which are scientifically indefensible. For instance, it is difficult to believe that a man who regards himself as a serious anthropologist should offer without comment the "Comparative Culture Chart" on page 227.

In general this book lacks breadth of view and scientific sensitiveness.

O. La F.

INTO THIS UNIVERSE. By Alan Frank Guttmacher, M.D. Viking. 1937. $2.75.

In his preface the author states that he has "attempted to set forth . . . something of the folklore, the history, and the scientific facts of birth." That he has accomplished his purpose with outstanding success no one who even glances at the pages can doubt. In an earlier book, "Life in the Making," Dr. Guttmacher demonstrated his talent for infusing drama and vitality into biological facts which for centuries have been not only obscure but often even repellent to the layman. In the present volume he carries his story on from the almost mystical process of conception through the elaborate mechanism whereby the resulting new life issues forth to take up its struggle with the world. Facts of physiology, physics, and chemistry are interspersed with lively tales of folklore and superstition, and so brilliantly realistic is his reconstruction of a royal accouchement of the sixteenth century that one feels convinced that if the author ever finds himself with a few idle hours he will probably toss off a novel or two.

The book should be of the greatest interest to nurses, to "pre-medics," and to social workers everywhere. But one might perhaps hesitate before offering it to young expectant parents, most of whom already anticipate the bringing of new life into the world as a pretty fearsome adventure. Dr. Guttmacher makes it very clear that having a baby is a normal physiological proceeding, but he makes it clear also that it is an awe-inspiring, complicated one accompanied by many opportunities for misadventure.

M. S. U., M.D.

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IN PICTURES: A HOLLYWOOD SATIRE. Pictures by Will Connell. Story by Nunnally Johnson, Patterson McNutt, Gene Fowler, Grover Jones. Morrow. 1937. $3.50.

The only way to review this book is to reproduce a sample of its forty-eight photographs. Imaginative, atmospheric, and witty, they tell a good deal more than the words about films, producers, stars, conferences, directors, yes-men, censors, and critics. The text is supposedly a stenographic reproduction of a goofy conference held by the authors of the book to discuss an idea for a film story; the layman will probably not find it amusing. But it's a good picture book.

G. S.

THE COTTON SOUTH AND AMERICAN TRADE POLICY. By Peter Molyneaux. National Peace Conference. World Affairs Books No. 17. 75 cents.

The fitful course of cotton culture in the South, considered from the point of view of the market, Mr. Molyneaux has sketched with emphasis on recent years.

Potentially, American tariff policy has always opposed the South's economy and made for development of competing cotton areas. Nevertheless, the South held on. But in the summer of 1914 a series of unsettling episodes began: panic, war prosperity, depression, boll weevil, inflation, temporary stabilization of price and production, depression; finally, that imbecile last burden on the camel, the Smoot-Hawley tariff act of 1930. The outcome is the present loss to the South of its once dominant place in world cotton production. Other nations, forced by American trade barriers, have set capital flowing rapidly into successful large-scale development of Brazilian and other cotton-culture areas. The further outcome, Mr. Molyneaux concludes, will be permanent impoverishment of "the greatest natural cotton-producing area on the globe" unless American trade policy is reformed, probably "by means of reciprocal trade agreements" as advocated by Secretary of State Hull. And such a South would become "a greater menace to American standards than the laboring masses of any foreign country could possibly be."

So runs the story; and each point the author expounds in vigorous, plain prose discreetly laden with data. His is a thesis unanswerable in terms of the market. The facts in it will stand up on any level. Of course, there are two possible alternatives to the Hull-Molyneaux program for restoring prosperity to the South and the nation. One is to reform Southern agriculture on the assumption of permanently lost foreign markets for cotton—a solution which would offer some hope to tenants and sharecroppers as well as to landlords. The other is to transform American economy so that widely distributed purchasing power might enable American consumers to use all the cotton they need—all the South could healthfully produce. These two alternatives Mr. Molyneaux does not consider. But if his study contributes to the patient Mr. Hull's patchwork of trade agreements, it perhaps will have brightened the outlook for world peace.

J. D. A.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Double-Crostics: No. 176

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-C	2-H	3-K		4-D	5-G	6-H	7-E		8-B	9-F	10-G	11-J		12-M
13-O	14-P	15-Q	16-W		17-D	18-A	19-S		20-J	21-D	22-K	23-Q	24-X	25-S	26-N	27-C
	28-F	29-G		30-W	31-Z	32-U	33-S	34-B	35-C		36-L	37-O	38-Q	39-I	40-E	
41-J	42-M	43-V	44-Z	45-T		46-R	47-E		48-A	49-D	50-I	51-C		52-J	53-I	54-E
55-N	56-C	57-K	58-O	59-X		60-P	61-R		62-X	63-O	64-K	65-Q	66-I	67-Y	68-C	
69-Q	70-C	71-F	72-U	73-R	74-K	75-M		76-T	77-G	78-Y		79-Q	80-W	81-H	82-M	83-E
84-F		85-B		86-Y	87-O	88-S	89-R	90-X	91-A	92-Q		93-Z	94-A	95-G	96-B	
97-T	98-B	99-G		100-T	101-J	102-U	103-E		104-M	105-F	106-D	107-Y		108-G	109-L	110-T
	111-Y	112-K		113-V	114-X	115-Z	116-G	117-J	118-L	119-K		120-T	121-S	122-D		123-T
124-Y		125-I	126-Q	127-C	128-V	129-P	130-J		131-K	132-A	133-E	134-C	135-F		136-Z	137-O
138-Y	139-F	140-S		141-H	142-A	143-G		144-S	145-R	146-Z		147-X	148-N	149-C	150-V	151-W
152-L		153-A	154-B		155-B	156-D	157-T		158-U	159-V	160-I	161-M	162-E	163-N	164-J	165-P
166-S		167-H	168-G	169-K												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Ragout of meat, especially lamb.
B. Shaggy Russian-breed sheepdog.
C. Renascence.
D. Unrighteousness (Hinduism).
E. Presumingly certain.
F. Son of Javan, grandson of Noah.
G. Soften.
H. The Fates (Teutonic myth.).
I. Consecrated by a vow.
J. Refusing to recognize.
K. Town near Sleepy Hollow.
L. Exclamation of sorrow.
M. A religion and philosophy of China.
N. Metallic element.
O. Like a simpleton.
P. American caricaturist (1840-1902).
Q. Heavy, figured, handwoven textile.
R. Made a choice.
S. Feign illness.
T. Ptolemy's great astronomical work (140 A.D.).
U. Circular current of water or air.
V. Stereotyped expression.
W. Newts.
X. Table linen.
Y. Private chamber, sanctum (Anc. Gr.).
Z. Pilfered (slang).

WORDS

48 132 18 94 91 142 153
154 8 155 34 98 85 96
70 35 68 56 127 27 134 1 149 51
17 122 156 49 21 4 106
40 47 54 83 103 162 133 7
84 139 28 135 9 71 105
5 29 95 168 77 99 116 108 143 10
6 2 81 141 167
160 66 125 39 50 53
117 20 11 101 52 164 130 41
3 169 57 74 112 64 22 131 119
36 109 118 152
104 42 161 82 75 12
148 163 55 26
87 13 37 63 58 137
165 129 14 60
15 23 69 65 79 92 38 126
61 89 46 73 145
88 144 140 25 121 166 19 33
120 110 123 76 100 157 45 97
32 158 102 72
86 43 128 113 150 159
151 30 80 16
24 90 62 59 147 114
138 78 124 107 67 111
136 93 31 115 44 146

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE American Library Association has just published Fred Eastman's *Books that Have Shaped the World*, ($1), a booklist, with commentary, comprising about 200 titles. Contemporaries listed include Heiser's *American Doctor's Odyssey*, Steffens's *Autobiography*, Hilton's *Lost Horizon* and *Good-by, Mr. Chips*, Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*, and numerous plays. *Arrowsmith* is listed, but not *Babbitt* or *Main Street; David Copperfield* but not *Pickwick; Romola* but not *Silas Marner; The Magnificent Ambersons* alone of Tarkington; and no Thackeray at all. ☞The only title on the lists that is a new one to Q. is John MacMurray's *Creative Society*.

The book business on the whole has been a bit sluggish these torrid days although with the very recent publications of *Northwest Passage* and *And So—Victoria* the booksellers are cheerily optimistic. Still two books do not a business make or some such profound observation. Naturally Simon & Schuster will fire back with their half million figure of Dale Carnegie's opus; Morrow with quotations on their *American Dream* and Bobbs-Merrill with *Orchids on Your Budget*. ☞But the crying need right now is a rattling, corking, smashing biography. ☞Two books on the early Fall list of Covici-Friede that we look forward to with interest are *The Journal of Eugene Delacroix* and *Six Centuries of Fine Prints*. . . . Sales of art books have been on the up-grade, and the Van Gogh exhibition of a year or so ago at the Museum of Modern Art has given the trade impetus.

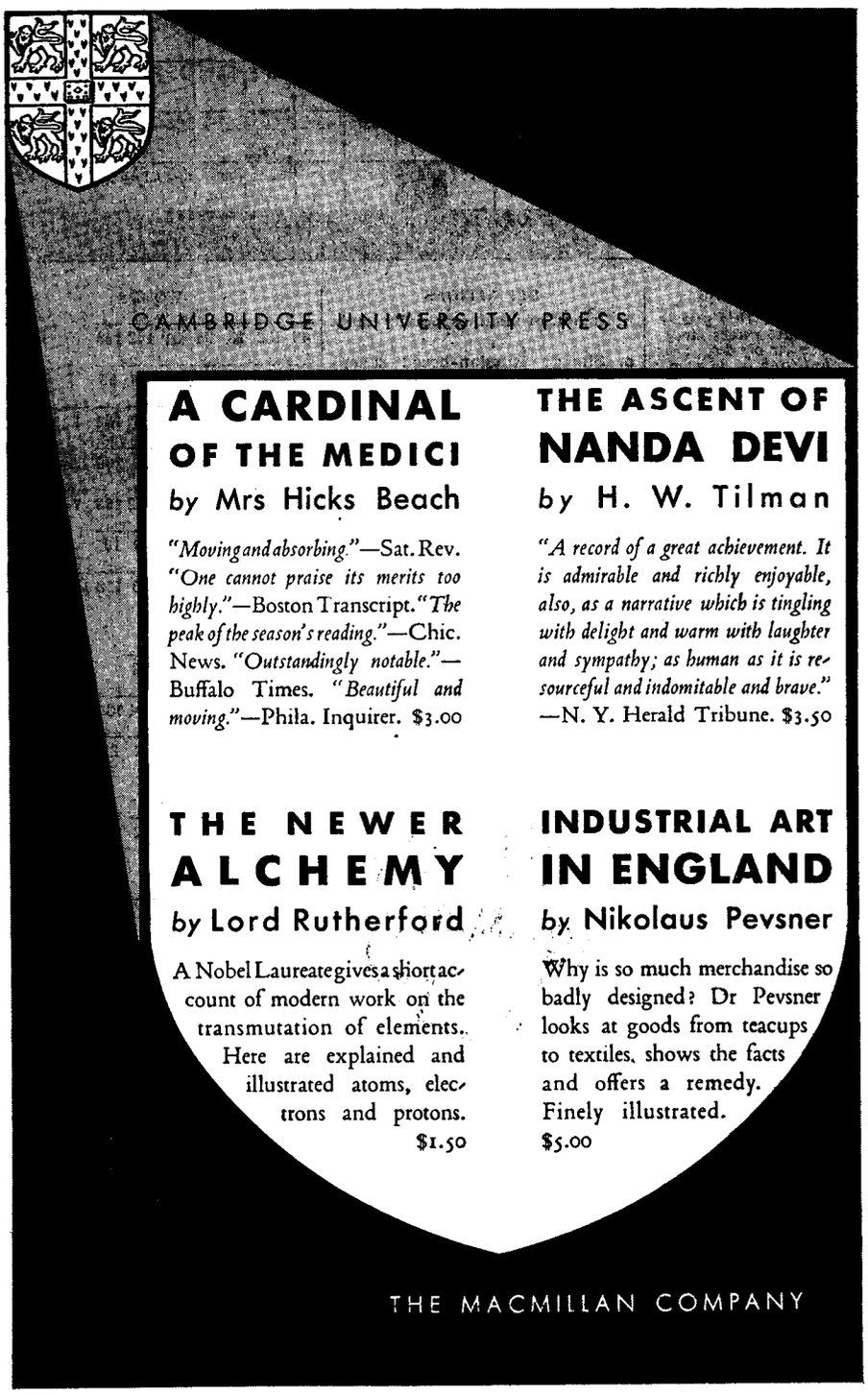
☞Vincent Starrett, an old, old friend of Sherlock Holmes and the SRL, blew into the office the other day after a sojourn in China. . . . The eminent collector of the detective novel has recently completed a Conan Doyle bibliography of only the Holmes stories. ☞But trust Macy's to create a bit of excitement in the publishing field these "Hot Days in Montana Hand" days. We mean of course the full page that appeared in book section of the Sunday *Times* last week.

☞The Q. Associates have been greatly interested in the original journals, documents, court-martial minutes, and other data which Kenneth Roberts has critically annotated and published as volume two of the limited edition of *Northwest Passage*.

Major Robert Rogers's own accounts of the Rangers' march to St. Francis, the Indian village, of the raid, and of the terrible retreat are included; as are three other old narratives of that epic of endurance. The record of the court-martial of Lieutenant Stephens, which Rogers instigated, is also reprinted. (Stephens was the officer who failed to have provisions at the rendezvous for the returning and starving Rangers.) But most important and exciting are the minutes of Rogers's own trial for mutiny and treason, allegedly committed while he was commandant of the garrison at Michilimakinac, minutes which Kenneth Roberts discovered in 1934. Previously, and as Allan Nevins said in his scholarly "Life of Rogers," published in 1914, it was thought that no record of the trial was preserved. Indeed, Nevins pointed out in a footnote in his biography that only the accusations of Rogers's enemies seem to have been recorded. It is possible that Nevins might have revised some of his estimates of Rogers's action had he known Rogers's evidence, the testimony of his few witnesses, and the answers given by the accusing officers when they were cross-examined. Mrs. Rogers's divorce petition, also included, is recommended as a model of innuendo to all ladies about to make a trip to Reno. Would it be profitable for Doubleday, Doran to print this valuable historical material in an inexpensive trade edition? Could they look for sales only to libraries, historians, and collectors of Americana? Or is there also a sufficient historical curiosity among the 170,000 purchasers of *Northwest Passage*?

☞Q's reference to *The Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave* has aroused many inquiries. Further information and the book itself can be procured from the American Merchant Marine Library Association, Inc., 45 Broadway, New York.

☞Mr. Robert Crowell, the new president of T. Y. Crowell and Company, has gone into action by appointing Spier and Sussman as his advertising agency, and by making his firm members of the American Booksellers' coöperative warehouse service.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